NEW MASSES

JULY 27, 1943 15¢ in Canada 20¢

Should Communists Reveal Themselves?

by Morris U. Schappes

HOW HITLER WILL CRACK

by Colonel T.

SECOND MISSION TO MOSCOW

by Joseph E. Davies

REFLEXES OF RACISM

by Dorothy Canfield Fisher

THE TOLLING BELL

A review by Joy Davidman

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

THE printing of Sasha Molodchy's diary which is concluded in this issue, was something of an experiment for NM. It is the first time that we have ever published a serial of such length—five installments. Whether or not the experiment was successful is something that only you, our readers, can tell us. Did the promise of a "To be continued" after each installment add to the suspense and interest? Or did it detract?—in other words, did you find that waiting a whole week broke the continuity of the narrative to such an extent that it seriously marred your pleasure in the story? We want very much to hear from you about this; from time to time we have considered running serials in NM, some of them longer than "The Man Who Bombed Berlin," but we are always stopped by the doubt that a weekly magazine like ours was a feasible medium for such serials. Now we've broken the ground with Sasha's diary and we want to know whether we should go ahead and publish other serials from time to time. So—please send us your vote.

As a matter of fact, we have already received some letters about "The Man Who Bombed Berlin," but most of them were written after the first and second installments and are reactions to the contents, not the serial-form. They're very hearty reactions too, with one exceedingly tender one written by a woman whose aviator brother was killed a short time ago. It is not for publication, but we would like to quote from another letter signed simply "L. R." and written by a fifteen-year-old schoolboy:

"I wish I knew Sasha Molodchy. I feel as if I do know him, though. I've always been interested in airplanes too and when we got in this war I decided to be a pilot. Even if the war is over by the time I'm eighteen—and it better be!—I still want to do the thing I started out to do. I knew just how Sasha felt, so impatient because he couldn't grow up right away and fly, and then so impatient because they wouldn't let him go into combat right away when the Nazis invaded Russia. Because I am not only anxious to fly, I am just rarin' to go against the Hitler soldiers. The boys I know and I do everything we can, like scrap collecting and getting people to buy war stamps and bonds, but we still wish we could fight. If I become a good aviator, even if it doesn't mean going into any kind of battle, I'll do it remembering Sasha Molodchy. The other Russians are swell too, but I like him especially."

And now that the Molodchy diary is finished with this issue, we remind our readers again that the next piece of literature out of the Soviet Union to appear in NM is a chapter from a new novel by none other than Mikhail Sholokhov, author of the *Don* epic. It will be published in our next issue, or the one thereafter. We have other material on hand, also, in which you'd be particularly interested—for example, another article on American labor, by Louis Budenz, whose "Labor's New Battalions," printed a few weeks ago, attracted considerable attention. And our London correspondent, Claude Cockburn, is back in England after his trip to North Africa; while, unfortunately, he was not able to file his dispatches to NM from the latter place, we hope to receive his wireless reports regularly from London soon.

We still hear from people about A. B. Magil's recent series reporting on conditions in Detroit. One letter comes from Hugh W. Hitchcock, advertising manager of the Packard Motor Car Co., and conveys not only his appreciation but that of the company's president, George T. Christopher. "Both he and I have read your series throughout," Mr. Hitchcock writes Mr. Magil, "and we feel you have done a conscientious and well thought out piece of writing. Naturally, we are glad you found our Packard facts newsworthy and we appreciate having this good story well told."

WE HAVE a request from the US War Shipping Administration, signed by Marshall E. Dimock, assistant deputy administrator for Recruitment and Manning, which reads in part:

"We are writing to ask your cooperation in what is one of the nation's most vital problems—the recruiting of skilled personnel to man the huge and ever increasing merchant fleet of our country. . . .

"The greatest need is for men with sea experience of certain skills, i.e., Mates, Engineers, Able Seamen, Cooks, Bakers, and Qualified Members of the Engine Department. It is our belief that your journal is read by numbers of such men who are now engaged in these skills on land jobs. Your assistance in making known our needs to such readers could be of enormous help. . . .

"Were the announcement in your journal to gain for us even a dozen such skilled men as we need, it would indeed be more than worthwhile and would earn for you the sincere thanks of the nation and of our organization. All these qualified men have to do is to get in touch immediately with the local office of the Recruitment and Manning Organization of the War Shipping Administration, the local office of the US Employment Service, with us directly here in Washington, or with their affiliated maritime union hiring hall."

And we have a request to make of our readers: will you send us the names and addresses of people friendly toward NM who can be personally approached by a representative of the magazine in regard to subscribing. We don't just want names of people who *should* subscribe, but those who might actually be persuaded at this time to do so. A list of this kind will be of enormous help in reaching that constant goal of extending the NM audience as widely as possible.

P.S.—Please note NM's correct address: 104 East 9th St., N.Y.C. We moved from the old one (461 Fourth Ave.) several months ago.

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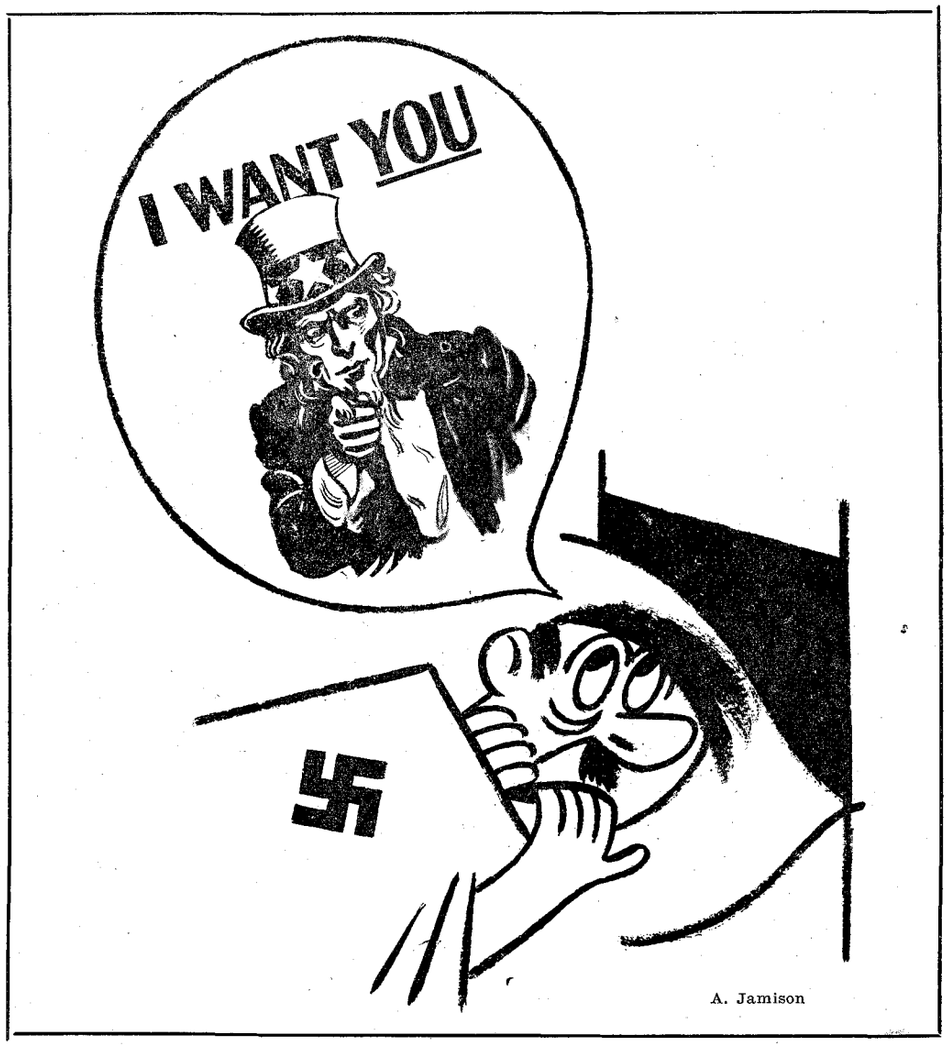
NM SPOTLIGHT

Labor Looks at '44

SHALL labor organize its own party for the 1944 election? This question has been raised in a few states, notably Michigan and New Jersey. The answer of the CIO is no. The recent meeting of its executive board, which is discussed by Bruce Minton in his Washington dispatch on page 8, set up a political action committee headed by Sidney Hillman and proposed that the CIO, the AFL, and the Railroad Brotherhoods establish a joint legislative coalition, form local and state committees, and call at once a national conference "to mobilize on a national basis the entire population to secure the successful prosecution of the war." President Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman, and R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers, specifically opposed the formation of premature labor parties. Murray suggested instead that broad labor political leagues be set up to unite all unions in support of President Roosevelt and of pro-war candidates.

The new political action committee is letting no grass grow under it. Over the past week-end an eastern seaboard conference of CIO unions was held in Philadelphia under the committee's auspices. The conference adopted by a 125-2 vote a program of political activity in the spirit of the executive board's decisions. A midwest conference is being planned in Chicago, as well as one on the West Coast. At the same time a special four-man committee appointed by President Murray has addressed a letter to all CIO international unions calling on them to form in every congressional district committees representing the CIO, AFL, Railroad Brotherhoods, farm organizations, church groups, consumers' and other organizations in a determined drive "to change the present anti-labor Congress into a pro-labor win-the-war Congress."

It may be asked whether the CIO program does not represent an abandonment of independent political action by labor. On the contrary, this program calls for the realistic development of labor's independent political role and initiative through those organizational forms which under present conditions can most effectively unite all sections of the population for the defeat of those who obstruct the successful prosecution of the war and the achievement of a just peace. It is significant that both in Michigan and New Jersey the clamor for a labor party has come not from those who work to solidify the labor movement, but from supporters of John L. Lewis, opponents of the no-strike pledge, Trotskyites, Norman Thomas Socialists, and other disruptive elements. The "labor party" they want would divide labor and all other supporters of the President's program and help elect defeatists.



A. Jamison

DOES this mean that the American Labor Party in New York State ought to be liquidated? By no means. The ALP has established itself over the course of seven years as a most valuable form of independent political action. It functions through coalition with the progressive sections of the two major parties, particularly the Democratic Party. In a number of other states—New Jersey is one of them—such coalition would be impossible because the electoral laws prevent a candidate from running on the ticket of more than one party. Unfortunately the ALP is not as effective as it might be because it is a house divided. But this only means that those responsible for continued division, David Dubinsky and his Social-Democratic henchmen, who play ball with John L. Lewis, snipe at the Soviet Union, and cut corners on supporting the Roosevelt war policies, ought to be soundly defeated in the August 10 primaries. The New York County Committee of the ALP, led by Rep. Vito Marcantonio and Eugene P. Connolly, has shown by the constructive program it has offered how to unite the people of New York around their Commander-in-Chief.

More on Hague

LET's take another look at the Hague question, which we discussed in last week's issue. For the Republicans this fantasy about an "alliance" between the Communists and Mayor Frank Hague is just what the doctor ordered. We are sorry to say that the *Nation* and *New*

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Republic, because they insist on wearing the tattered blindfold of anti-Communist prejudice, have, like other publications, walked into the Republican trap.

It is possible that the authors of the *Nation* and *New Republic* editorials actually read the *Daily Worker* articles on the New Jersey political situation by William Norman, Communist Party state secretary, but their comments show no evidence that they did. Perhaps the best answer to this fatuous talk about "the Communist Party's leap into the arms of Frank Hague" was given by the New York *Times* in its Topics of the Times of July 16:

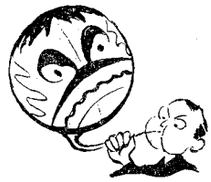
"Winston Churchill was not talking ideology but plain human language which all of us understood when he said that he would welcome anybody's help in killing Germans. . . . No one would have been in a position to laugh at the local proletarian leadership if it had simply said that only one thing counts today, and that is Hitler's defeat. If Mayor Hague contributes to that end by supporting President Roosevelt, then Mayor Hague is good enough for any good Communist."

We are happy that the *Times* has reversed its original editorial position. The only quarrel that the author of Topics of the Times has with the Communist attitude toward Hague centers around questions of literary style. He thinks the language of the *Daily Worker* articles was involved and abstruse. We are quite ready to concede that Mr. Norman's style could be improved, though it is at least as simple and intelligible as some of the *Times'* own editorials. But the important thing is the policy expressed in those articles, which is, as Topics of the Times points out, eminently sensible and realistic.

BOTH the *Nation* and *New Republic* ignore the fact that the Communist insistence on unity within the Democratic Party in order to prevent the reactionary, defeatist Republicans from taking over the state is the position of the majority of the New Jersey labor movement. On the very day that their editorials were being written the *Times* published the news that Irving Abramson, president of the New Jersey CIO, and Carl Holderman, head of the American Labor League in that state, had gone to Washington. "Primary object of the CIO leaders' trip was to enlist White House aid in closing the breach between Gov. Charles Edison and Mayor Hague and to assure choice by the Democrats of a candidate acceptable to the League."

And just to refresh the memory of certain liberal indignationists, we don't recall that any large number of them rushed to the bosom of Jim Farley last year when they found themselves supporting the candidacy of Senator Mead in company with Tammany Hall.

Concerning the Communists



THE discussion of the Communists' place in American life continues to break into the press. The New York *Herald Tribune* of July 16 publishes an editorial on the subject, in the course of which reference is made to NEW MASSES' own discussion of this question, which was initiated by the exchange of letters between Max Lerner and A. B. Magil in our July 13 issue. The occasion for the editorial is a letter to the *Herald Tribune* from Morris Ernst, attorney for the American Civil Liberties Union. In that letter Mr. Ernst once more vehemently opposes any effort to shoot the Communist Party at sunrise, but urges instead, as a lover of civil liberties, death by asphyxiation. Concerning Ernst, suffice it to say that he is as congenitally incapable of telling the truth where Communists are concerned—for example, his charge that the Committee to Free Earl Browder issued no financial reports—as he is of resisting the blandishments of pro-fascists—Martin Dies and Senator Coudert, for example—provided they specialize in assaulting liberals and progressives as "Communists."

The *Herald Tribune* treats Ernst more respectfully than he deserves. Its attitude toward the American Communists is still confused by hoary prejudice. But since this prejudice is in conflict with reality, and since the *Herald Tribune* is one of those papers that is genuinely interested in winning the war, it finds it necessary to note concerning those very Communists whom it describes as "fanatical" and "totalitarian": "but the difficulty is that they are now actually using their influence (and it has at times proved a very valuable influence) for all-out prosection of the war, while it is true that 'Red-baiting' is a disruptive business and one of the best weapons of the Hitlerites and defeatists." Perhaps it is too much to expect that the *Herald Tribune's* prejudices about the character of the American Communist Party will yield any more easily than its former prejudices about the Soviet Union, but what is most significant is that this conservative Republican organ does agree with us on the harmfulness of Red-baiting and on the positive war role of the Communists.

The *Herald Tribune* concludes, however, that it is up to the Communists alone to do away with anti-Communism. This assumes that "one of the best weapons of the Hitlerites and defeatists" has been built out of fact and not falsehood. NEW MASSES does not think it is up to non-Communists alone to help liquidate the disruptive business of Red-baiting. What we propose is that Communists and non-Communists collaborate toward this end in the interest of victory and of a postwar world free of the follies and hates that led to the present catastrophe.

The Ax-Swingers

FOR a long time Dies and Kerr and Company have been chipping away at the Constitution with their little tomahawks. The congressional order to dismiss three valuable government employes, Robert Morss Lovett, Goodwin Watson, and William E. Dodd, for anti-fascist activities comes as an outrageous climax. And few things in the domestic scene lately are more heartening than President Roosevelt's stinging censure of this congressional malpractice.

As the President pointed out, Congress has no legal power to interfere with the executive in this way; and such a Bill of Attainder—inflicting penalties without trials—is expressly forbidden in the Constitution. The three men condemned by the Kerr committee had nothing resembling a trial. They were sentenced on the basis of secret, hearsay evidence and vicious prejudice, by illegal and incompetent judges. And their "crime" was no crime; on the contrary, it was proof to all decent Americans of their patriotism.

Fascist in method, the congressional witch-hunt is no less fascist in intention. It is part of a planned campaign to remove all liberals and progressives from our government. The FBI's persecution of minor officials for such offenses as opposing the poll tax or having Jewish friends is cut out of the same cloth as Congress' action. Some of these persecuted liberals have fallen into the fascist trap; to escape the yell of "Communist!" they indulge in a little Red-baiting of their own. Which is just what the Dies clan wants.

President Roosevelt's counterblast puts Congress in its turn on the defensive. And much in the present Congress is indefensible; for instance, the case of Cox of Georgia. Exposed in shady business deals with a radio station by the Federal Communications Commission, Cox ought to have been investigated and expelled by the House he disgraces. Instead the House chose to whitewash him by investigating the FCC—and it put him in charge of the investigating committee! James L. Fly, FCC chairman, has disclosed that Cox is getting instructions from Hearst's International News Service on how to smear FCC most effectively and get the most publicity.

However, President Roosevelt's statement opens the campaign for congressional reform. He must be backed up by a nationwide protest that will teach the congressional reactionaries a lesson.

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The Issue Remains

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S decision to resolve the controversy between Secretary of Commerce Jones and Vice-President Wallace by ending the Board of Economic Warfare, removing Jones from authority over several economic war agencies, and combining these agencies and the BEW in a new Office of Economic Warfare does not of course resolve the issue involved in the controversy. This issue is whether our country's economic warfare shall be guided by the necessities of all-out prosecution of the war, or whether it shall be cramped and impeded by business-as-usual considerations. The fusion of the old BEW with the agencies formerly controlled by Jones is a positive and necessary step, but the President's even-handed rebuke to the two men and the removal of Wallace from direct responsibility for war activities is an evasion of the basic issue and may cancel any gain from the new setup.

It is quite evident that the inspirer of this move is James Byrnes, head of the Office of Economic Mobilization, who now also is given supervision over the new Office of Economic Warfare. We wish it were possible to place greater confidence in Byrnes' understanding of his job. So far he has failed to institute centralized planning, has concentrated largely on acting as umpire in inter-agency conflicts, and has shown a decided disposition to appease the reactionaries in and out of Congress.

THE removal of Wallace has been interpreted by many New Dealers as a fatal blow to all liberal tendencies in the government and as virtually eliminating Wallace from the running as Vice-Presidential candidate in 1944. We believe this interpretation is greatly exaggerated. The President's action on the Wallace-Jones controversy has in fact come at a time when he has taken the offensive against the reactionaries. His veto of the Smith-Connally bill and of the ban on subsidies, his rebuke to the "farm bloc's" man, ex-food administrator Chester Davis, his denunciation of the action of Congress in yielding to the Dies and Kerr committees' demand for the heads of three anti-fascist government employees—all this has strengthened the war effort and given new courage to his supporters. It is unfortunate that he has felt it necessary to make a concession to the obstructionists in regard to the man who for millions throughout the world has come to symbolize America's will to victory and to the building of a decent post-war world, Vice-President Wallace. But the way to counteract this tendency is not to make a martyr of Wallace and not to indulge in panicky speculations about the future of the New Deal, but to strengthen the forces behind the President and the Vice-President to enable them to resist the defeatists and liberal-baiters.

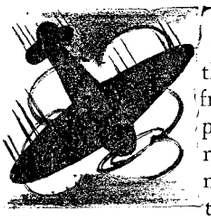
Exit Mr. Maxon

LOU R. MAXON, the Detroit advertising tycoon, resigned from the Office of Price Administration with the statement: "I have decided that I cannot accept the position of general manager of OPA." So far as can be ascertained, Mr. Maxon was not offered the post he rejected. While he served in the OPA, every action smacked of the lobbyist. He opposed price-control and rationing. He resisted roll-backs. He fought subsidies. He sabotaged grade labeling because it would hurt firms patronizing his advertising agency.

For his part, OPA chief Prentiss Brown must have breathed a sigh of relief when Maxon departed. But Brown has been content to sigh and let things go at that. He gives the impression of being more afraid of criticism from those who want OPA's scalp than he is influenced by the majority backing the President's stabilization program. The administration has made the roll-back of prices to September 1942 levels an integral part of the hold-the-line program. On the ability to reduce living costs rests the success of the "Little Steel" wage formula and the hope for economic stabilization. Director Brown, however, continues to hedge and to find every excuse for inaction. He is now seemingly content with a five-percent roll-back; and he takes steps to obtain only one percent, hoping that living costs will fall of their own volition. Mr. Brown's faith in magic is supplemented by a passion to appease OPA's every enemy. He draws back from labor, while pandering to the defeatists. His latest "plan" to ask Congress for approval of each new rationing order amounts to abandonment of the authority vested in him by the President.

What OPA accomplishes in the way of reducing living costs is crucial to the domestic economy, on which the war effort rests. Brown's present feeble policies weaken the hold-the-line outlook, and in the end will doom the President's stabilization program. It is high time for labor to insist on a voice in determining OPA policy—that is why the news that Labor's Victory Committee is soon to meet with the President to discuss stabilization is so welcome. It is equally imperative to mobilize the broadest organizations of the people, to combat the congressional attacks on OPA, and to put the heat on Brown.

Treasonable Activities



THE boys who fly our planes through the hell-fire of the fronts will be less than patient with the facts revealed by the Truman committee about the government-subsidized Wright aeronautical plant at Lockland, O. We know by now that aerial combat is a hair-trigger action, requiring the utmost in precision by man and machine. We know our men are giving their utmost; the Truman charges raise grave doubts about some of our machines. It may be that the instances afforded by the investigators are not typical of the usual product of the Wright company. That must be accurately and swiftly determined by most exacting scrutiny; the lives of our boys and the nation's welfare are involved.

The Truman committee charged that the company palmed off substandard airplanes on the government. It did this through falsifying tests and by actually forging inspection reports. Most disturbing was evidence of collusion by certain Army Air Force inspectors. The latter helped whitewash the manufacturers. Efforts by some army authorities, "apparently led" by Col. Frank C. Gruelich, chief inspector of the Army Air Force at Wright Field, to intimidate witnesses was recorded in the Truman report. These Army officials, it appears, seemed too often "to be motivated by the desire to protect the company and its interests."

We are glad to note Acting Secretary of War Patterson's statement that two Army inspection officers, including Colonel Gruelich, and an undisclosed number of company personnel have been removed "forthwith" as a result of an Army board investigation acting upon the Truman evidence. Mr. Patterson asserted that the situation at the Lockland plant was "much less sensational" than some of the "inferences drawn" by published statements. He said that "over three months ago vigorous remedial action was taken by the Army." Let us hope that the Undersecretary of War has all the facts; but it is important to note that the Justice Department is extending to the battlefields its investigation of airplane engines produced by Wright. That is to the good; better a constant, energetic checkup than that even one of our boys should crash to his death because of remediable faults in his craft.

It appears to us, however, that when guilt is established in these cases—this one and the Anaconda Copper scandal some months ago—that the culprits get off far too easy. Fines are not enough to scotch such treasonable activities. The guilty deserve the same punishment as anybody who would open our fronts to the enemy.

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Axis in Argentina

NEWS dispatches from Buenos Aires have given the impression—deliberately sought by the Argentinian fascists—that the foreign policy of the Ramirez government is in a state of suspension with a good chance of breaking diplomatic relations with the Axis.

The further implication is also conveyed that Ramirez himself and those closest to him are alternatively influenced by democratic and fascist considerations. If the purpose is to suggest appeasing the Ramirez gang until we know which way the wind is blowing, the attempt should be strongly condemned. Nothing in the conduct of that government since it seized power on June 4 supports any conclusion but that it is thoroughly fascist, and will discard the Axis only in order to avoid the fate threatening these Axis governments.

Among the latest events in Argentina, various organizations identified with the United Nations have been closed down on the hoary grounds that they harbored subversive elements and were used as fronts for "Communist propaganda." With this excuse the axe fell upon Accion Argentina, an influential pro-Allied body; Junta de la Victoria, a women's organization numbering 50,000 members; another group which has sent thousands of dollars worth of food packages to the Allied armies; and still another which recently raised 5,000,000 pesos for the heroes of Stalingrad. It is reported that a branch of the labor movement has also been suppressed, but in this respect the news has been vague and conflicting. Ramirez' predecessor, Castillo, had failed to wreck the 400,000 strong Confederacion General de Trabajo when his stooge, Domenech, was repudiated by the labor movement. Domenech then attempted to split the Confederation and succeeded in attracting minority elements of the Lewis-Ryan type. It is probable that Ramirez has now attempted to bolster these divisive leaders by outlawing the bona fide unions.

At the same time that stern measures were being taken against these democratic forces, the Argentinian government left the major pro-Axis organizations completely alone, or, at most, made only demagogic gestures toward curtailing their activities. As Codovilla, Real, and other great anti-fascist leaders of Argentina suffer a lingering death in the nation's most brutal jails, the pro-Germans continue to enjoy official protection.

Just as Darlan scuttled the sinking ship of the French collaborationists, it is possible that Ramirez will make gestures toward the United Nations. His regime badly needs United States lend-lease in order to retain the support of reactionary commercial interests in Argentina. This they cannot get until they break formal relations with the Axis. It is doubtful, however, that even such a step would qualify them to receive support from this country. The real test of a change in Argentina will be the release of all anti-fascist political prisoners, the re-establishment of democratic rights to institutions and individuals, and the holding of free and honest elections to select a new government of the people's choice.

FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

HOW HITLER WILL CRACK

IF YOU still have your copy of last week's NEW MASSES, please turn to page 4, showing the map of operations on the Eastern Front. True, important and very gratifying things have happened elsewhere during the last few days, in the Mediterranean and the Pacific. However, I begin with the Eastern Front because, after all —211 German divisions are a rather weighty matter, and this matter is in the process of losing quite some weight precisely on that Front.

Now look at the map. Last week I said that "fighting is developing north of Orel in the region of Mtsensk. This may be a Nazi preventive attack to protect the Orel salient; it may be a Soviet attack to divert German troops from the main sector. Or it may be a new German thrust along the Moscow operational direction."

It seems now that the first supposition was right. The Germans did seemingly try to stop a Soviet blow at the Orel salient, but fell down miserably. Thus within eleven days the mighty Wehrmacht failed offensively at Belgorod and Zmievka, and defensively in the Orel salient. Now the Red Army is attacking Orel from the East and has reached (as of July 16) a point on the map just above the letter "e" in the word "Orel." To the northwest of Orel the largest breakthrough has been made by Soviet troops and here they are driving for the base of Karachev, one-third of the way between Bryansk and Orel. If they reach Karachev, Orel will be isolated. This is the sector to watch above everything else because it is here that it will be decided whether the operation is of the push-and-squeeze character, or a battle of encirclement and annihilation.

On the third day of the Soviet offensive, General Golikov struck toward Orel from the south, i.e., from the sector where Field Marshal von Kluge had made his last desperate and ill-fated stab at Kursk. On the Belgorod sector German attacks have died down almost completely. The Orel operation is not the first Soviet summer offensive. There was the Timoshenko push at Yelna in August 1941 and Timoshenko's push at Barvenkovo-Izyum in May 1942. But the situation now is completely different: this is an offensive following immediately upon the heels of a major defeat for the Germans. This is, in other words, an "offensive offensive" while the other two were "defensive offensives." It is reported that Soviet troops have been training for this push for three months. Which means that they started working on the plan before the final battle of Tunis and, therefore, before the plans for the Sicilian campaign were laid down. These latter plans were probably worked out in May; therefore, it is far fetched to intimate that General Eisenhower struck at Sicily merely in order "to help out the Russians." However, the coordination of both operations in the larger sense of coalition warfare is gratifying.

THE Sicilian operation has been going extremely well. In six days (this is being written on July 16) the American-Canadian-British armies have won a slab of fighting space which is practically self-sufficient. It has two ports, roads, a railroad, and several airdromes. Although the attack by General Patton on the western flank is approaching Agrigento [taken by the Allies after this was written—Eds.] and the attack by General Montgomery on the eastern flank is almost in view of Catania, the Axis Command has not yet made a determine effort to counter-attack.

While it seems that the "Hermann Goering" panzer division has attacked both General Patton at Gela and General Montgomery at Augusta almost simul-

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taneously, the very fact that the division was everywhere at the same time would tend to show that only parts of it attacked at either spot. For instance, some dispatches say that General Patton had to deal with "about forty to fifty tanks" in all. It must be admitted that his position on the Gela beach at one time was very dangerous because he had no tanks ashore and very little artillery. The day was reported saved by Patton's personal intervention and by a lone battery which rushed up in time. The Canadians in the center appear to be having the easiest time and their advance from the corner of Sicily toward the center along the bisector of the southeastern angle, is making excellent time.

Because of overwhelming Allied air power the enemy is simply pressed to the ground all over Sicily and the island is virtually cut off from the mainland. The Italian fleet remains in hiding. Naples and Genoa have been hit with terrific force. Barring complications of an unforeseen character, the Sicilian campaign is now a matter of another two weeks. We will then be only two miles from the continent of Europe, with a large, virtually intact army and thousands of "bottoms" at our disposal.

To round out the picture, it might be added that we will have a feeling that our back in the Pacific is quite secure, with the prospect (or maybe the accomplished fact by that time) of Kiska, Munda, and Salamaua falling into our hands almost any moment, the advance elements of the Japanese Navy badly mauled by our navy, and the Japanese Air Force receiving one terrific pasting after another. And so we will be on the shores of the Strait of Messina and on the Channel, looking at Fortress Europe across the latter and at the Fortress' almost useless appendix across the former.

Inside the Fortress, bounded by the Eastern Front, the Northern Seas, the Atlantic, and the chain of mountains from the Pyrenees to the eastern slopes of the Balkans, there will be some 300 German divisions. More than 200 will be concentrated on the Eastern Front, with most of their armor and much more than half of the Luftwaffe, while over a territory twice as large as the occupied regions of the USSR, less than 100 distinctly second-rate divisions will be spread like rationed butter over a slice of toast.

Our strategy, as Max Werner admirably puts it, should be:

(1) The main attack to be delivered from the British Isles across the Channel.

(2) Flanking operations against Scandinavia and the "soft underbelly" of Europe across the Mediterranean (or the Strait of Messina when we are there).

(3) Diversionary stabs in as many directions as possible.

While Bombs Fall . . .

THE unbroken advance of the Allies in Sicily, the explosion of bombs upon military objectives in Rome, have undoubtedly provoked the Italian people to some furious thinking. They must be pondering the radio call of President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill. What must run through the head of an Italian father whose sons have been crippled or killed in Ethiopia, in Spain, in Russia, when he hears: "The time has now come for you, the Italian people, to consult your own self-respect and your own interest and your own desire for a restoration of national dignity, security, and peace. The time has come for you to decide whether Italians shall die for Mussolini and Hitler—or live for Italy, and for civilization." Little wonder that Carlo Scorza, secretary general of the Fascist Party, rushed to the radio to warn that "the most severe penalties must fall on those who do not resist."

For the leaders of America and Great Britain struck out boldly along the lines of the Atlantic Charter; they appealed to the national interests of the Italian folk, which, many of them have come to recognize, have been steadily betrayed by the Mussolini gang. The Allies called for the overthrow of the fascist regime and pledged a place in the future Europe for a renascent Italy—one liberated from the thraldom of the *fasces*. Roosevelt and Churchill did not throw the onus of Italian participation in the Axis upon the people; the finger was put on the duce, the fuehrer, and their regimes. And, most important of all, the Allies offered national independence, security, peace.

No doubt all Axis-enslaved nations on the continent will be inspired by the Allies' appeal; for the first time Britain and the United States urged the overthrow of fascism and invited those who rebel against it into partnership against their national oppressors. This is of incalculable significance. The fight to liberate Italy and the continent can be rendered immeasurably easier as the people grow convinced that our troops come as liberators, not as new conquerors.

For these reasons the administration that is set up as we occupy territory is of vital importance; the responsibility of AMGOT, the Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory, is great. To the extent that it wins the people's confidence, works with them to annihilate fascist influence, and enables them to chart their own democratic destiny, will we win the support of the harassed millions. It is propitious that AMGOT plans to oversee the abolition of the Fascist Party in all occupied areas, and will disband the fascist militia and youth organizations. Many, however, will question the efficacy of that part of AMGOT's plan which envisages cooperation with those local officials who may have been active fascists before the Allies landed. The spots of the fascist leopard rarely change.

Note that the attack on Norway, say, and on Italy is rated only as a flanking operation, subsidiary to the main blow against the center. It is clear that our main enemy being Germany and the German divisions, we cannot deliver a mortal blow in a place where there are only a few of them (as in Norway) or maybe none at all (as in Italy). It has also been proved by the entire course of the war that air power alone cannot bring military decisions. All the air-powerists have to show is Lampedusa and the new Disney film cartoon.

So shall we kick at the wings of Hitler's house and hammer at its roof until the Unlawful Tenant throws out the white flag? Of course not, because he won't. We will have to march into the parlor and go right through to the kitchen, upsetting the furniture and the crockery.

Walter Lippmann, in his column in the New York *Herald Tribune* of July 13, argues for an attack on the "underbelly"—on the grounds that an invasion launched from England would mean beginning "at the point where Germany could use her reserves at their maximum advantage" since the great railroads and highways of Europe run east-west; whereas it is much more expensive to send German reserves into the Mediterranean theater and, once there, they cannot easily be withdrawn again. Thus Mr. Lippmann's main argument is that if we want to divide the German reserves we should strike where Hitler cannot easily send them, or move them out. In other words, if we want to alleviate the pressure of flood waters on a great dam, let us dig a ditch where the water from the reservoir can only trickle in in driblets. We might say that the plan is hydrostatic instead of being hydrodynamic. It does not answer the purpose. We want the war to end in 1943. It is too late for "statics." We need "dynamics."

THE situation is simple: our greatest weapon of destruction against the Wehrmacht, the main enemy, is the Red Army. We want it to be a battle-axe, not only a shield. To make it that we must, before the summer is out, take off some of the weight which burdens it. Let us then strike at the end of those channels (the east-west railroads), which will syphon the weight off *quickly*. Or, to change the metaphor, let us hit the highway instead of poking around in blind alleys. Mr. Lippmann has shown very clearly that Italy and the Balkans *are* blind alleys in a way—so blind that the Germans will hardly defend Italy as they are hardly defending Sicily now. As to that German division in Sicily, which so holds Mr. Lippmann's interest, let us remember that it represents less than a third of one percent of the Wehrmacht.

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WATCH ON THE POTOMAC by BRUCE MINTON

THE CIO MOBILIZES

Washington.

BY AND large, the country has everything to gain from the decision of the Seventy-eighth Congress to recess for two months. I am not one of those who objects to this Congress running off in the middle of the war. Not that I want to fall into the trap of repeating the stupid and vicious wisecrack that we would be better off if Congress stayed away from Washington for the duration. The smart-alecks who indulge in such sneers at the democratic process forget that the real need is for a far deeper expression by the elected legislators of their democratic responsibilities. The present Congress' miserable record must in part be attributed to the people's failure to force their representatives to respond to their wishes. Instead, Congress has toadied to a vocal few with little interest in victory but with a voracious appetite for profits and special privilege.

It is worth recalling that about a year ago the resolutions committee of the National Association of Manufacturers met in New York (see my article in NEW MASSES, November 17,1942), and in secret session applauded industrial leaders indulging in the most extreme anti-Roosevelt, anti-labor, anti-"unconditional surrender" speeches. As one delegate told his colleagues: "The issue isn't whether we peddle our product here with fanfare or dignity. The issue is taking an offensive and maintaining it for twelve months. . . . We've got Roosevelt on the run. . . . Well, keep him on the run. Let's spend some real money this year, what the hell, it'll cost us twenty percent, the rest would go in taxes anyway. . . . Keep it simple, but let's have plenty of it, and by Jesus, let's stick to our guns this once."

CONGRESS stuck to the NAM guns—the record proves that. Perhaps, the majority of members were often unaware that they were also knifing the war effort. But whether they did so consciously or not, they impeded the drive for victory and provided inestimable aid and comfort to advocates of a negotiated peace with Hitler. The congressional defeatists want the destruction of the Roosevelt administration. Of necessity, this commits them to a fight against the Commander-in-Chief during the war emergency. The President's policies are directed toward forcing the enemy's unconditional surrender; his defamers counter with policies that lead toward US capitulation and defeat.

To the plot, which if successful dooms America to degradation and defeat, the CIO has responded with all the great force at its command. It is a sign of the maturity of the labor movement under the leadership of Philip Murray that, with Congress in recess, the CIO executive board sets itself the task of mobilizing the people to meet the deep crisis on the domestic front, and to unite the nation as it has never been united before. The CIO executive slapped down those labor turncoats who took their stand with the Hoover-Taft-Fish-Dies purveyors of national humiliation. President Murray denounced and the executive board repudiated the little group composed of KKK race rioters, of anti-Soviet haters gathered around David Dubinsky and Norman Thomas, and of disruptionists led by Victor Reuther of the United Automobile Workers who had bludgeoned the Michigan state CIO convention into accepting what actually amounted to a repudiation of labor's no-strike pledge.

Calling this action "a disgraceful exhibition," Mr. Murray lashed out at Emil Rieve and others who defended John L. Lewis' insurrection against the government. He brushed aside the third-party demagogy of Samuel Wolchak, president of the United Retail and Wholesale Employees of America. And then, having disposed of the obstructionists, Mr. Murray led the board in the formulation of a program of far-reaching significance not only to labor but to the whole nation. The CIO proposed to the AFL and the Railroad Brotherhoods the formation of a solid legislative coalition by labor to push measures essential to the prosecution of the war and to oppose any course likely to harm the war effort. The CIO appointed a five-man political action committee with Sidney Hillman at its head (a vivid reaffirmation of CIO unity), to support the President's all-out war policies now and in the 1944 elections. To implement these important political decisions, the new committee was instructed to call conferences in communities to speed the political mobilization of the people; further, to make sure that the job is done, President Murray selected with board approval a committee of four CIO vice-presidents to organize these conferences.

So much for the bare outlines of the dramatic action. This sort of clearcut political orientation is both new to the American labor movement and of inestimable importance. During the last six months only labor's support saved the administration from an even worse debacle. But the administration-labor alliance remained unofficial—and therefore unduly weak. The administration avoided giving leadership, passing the buck to labor. The unions waited for the administration to set the course. In consequence, what leadership emerged was confused and inadequate. And the defeatists made hay.

Now the alliance has been strengthened. The CIO takes the offensive, determined to slug it out with reaction. This section of labor finally asserts its independent political power, showing full comprehension of the difficulties ahead by avoiding the pitfall of a spurious third-party movement (like that proposed by the KKK-Norman Thomas-Dubinsky clique in Michigan). The CIO refuses to play into the hands of Republican reaction by splitting the progressive vote; it offers full support to the win-the-war administration headed by the Commander-in-Chief. In other words, the CIO rejected the high-sounding but at this time divisive appeal of forming its "own" party. It chose instead the hard-headed way of realistic politics, calculated to unify all the people behind the war.

This down-to-earth approach permeated all the decisions of the executive board. Wisely, the CIO gets into motion well in advance of the elections. For the 1944 campaign will be won not only on election day, but in Congress from this time on. The CIO realizes that election success depends on immediate activity. The approach is no longer the threadbare "reward your friends and punish your enemies" formula which has almost invariably characterized labor's flirtation with politics in the past. Now the CIO sets about *changing* the outlook of the present Congress by putting on the heat, by convincing legislators already in office that they dare not oppose economic stabilization, that they dare not knife subsidies and rollbacks, that they dare not ignore the anti-poll tax bill, that they dare not encourage racism, that they dare not interfere with production and the war effort, that they dare not sabotage the unity of the United Nations or the morale of the home front.

The CIO is not attempting to form another lobby in Washington, or to play as-usual politics. Rather the executive board insists that every union member grow alert to his stake in the political life of the country. The CIO offers to play

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the part of active mobilizer in this crisis. No other group has the widespread organization, the discipline, the will to initiate a broad people's political movement behind the President. The CIO is not thinking of "taking over"; rather it wants to unify *all* the people in the face of the destructive NAM campaign, whose "philosopher," Lammot du Pont, declared: "War or peace, profits must obtain. Deal with the government and the rest of the squawkers the way you deal with a buyer in a seller's market. . . . They want what we've got. Good! Make them pay the right price for it!"

The nation learned the cost of the "right price" when Congress paid out—by enacting the Ruml tax bill, by hamstringing war agencies, by approving the Smith-Connally anti-strike measure over the President's veto, by Red-baiting, by underwriting inflation and chaos. Now the CIO calls a halt. The aim is total mobilization of workers, farmers, little shopkeepers, small industrialists, housewives, members of churches, lodges, discussion and consumers groups, of everyone, in fact, who realizes that the war is the immediate, central, all-important issue today.

The road ahead is neither smooth nor without hazard. Appeasement-minded defeatists for the moment control an overwhelming voting strength in the AFL top leadership—Hutcheson "represents" the carpenters, Frey holds the metal trades in bondage, Lewis is on the verge of being admitted to the Federation as "spokesman" of the coal miners. There can be little hope that the AFL executive council will at once accept the CIO's proposal for a solid legislative coalition. But the AFL membership in the communities is a different story; a great section will rally to the people's coalition for victory. In addition the struggle must continue to expose, and defeat the disruptionist anti-Murray cliques acting as a Hutcheson-Lewis fifth column within the CIO itself.

THE CIO has taken a long step forward It draws encouragement from President Roosevelt's strong fight against those who point a dagger at the throat of the people. The President has stepped in powerfully with his two recent veto messages, his sharp dismissal of Chester Davis, his rebuke to Congress for its Red-baiting persecution of Watson, Dodd, and Lovett, his firm defense of the anti-inflation program, and his challenging insistence that living costs be lowered. By responding to the emergency, the CIO counters the demoralization spread by Congress. Under President Murray, the CIO shows itself equal to the imperative demands of history.

AROUND THE WORLD

FERMENT IN BULGARIA

RECENT political assassinations in the most strategic of all Balkan countries, Bulgaria, are symptomatic of serious unrest among the people. Last April Sotir Yanov was killed. As president of the Foreign Affairs Parliamentary Committee he was in many respects a more important figure than the Prime Minister, Bogdan Filov, for the Nazis were preparing to set him up as the local quisling. Others have also been assassinated, particularly two of the chief exponents of the German "new order"—a Sofia police inspector and the infamous Gen. Christo Lukov, a big-wig in the army and among the Nazis' most trusted men in the Balkans.

How Lukov was disposed of I shall tell later, but meanwhile it would be advantageous to get a fairly clear picture of Bulgaria's position on the peninsula. The country is situated in the central and key part of the Balkans. In control of communications through the Vardar valley, it dominates the road to Serbia and central Europe, and from the north Aegean coast and along the Maritsa River, the path that leads northward to the oil fields of Rumania. Naturally the Nazis have not underestimated Bulgaria's importance. They have tried to use her as a springboard against Great Britain in the Near East and against the Soviet Union.

Hitler has always considered the Balkans, and Bulgaria in particular, as part of his *lebensraum* plans. He has tried to convert the Balkan states into an agrarian appendage of Germany in order to insure German industry with a steady flow of raw materials and a large market for its manufactured goods. For these reasons the Nazi economic penetration of the Balkans has become most persistent and most methodical. Through manipulation of imports and exports the Nazis succeeded in gaining a strong economic grip in this part of Europe. In Bulgaria German political influence grew swiftly with the introduction of a fascist government and has become the country's master today. The first steps towards complete servitude of Bulgaria were taken when the Nazis expelled all enterprises connected with British, French, and American capital. Those industries in which Berlin was interested were taken over. The others were declared "to be lacking in vitality" and closed down after they found themselves without financial support. Top Bulgarian officials also compelled Bulgarian industrialists to surrender their businesses because they did not possess enough technical and financial strength to withstand German competition.

The Duetsche Bank and the Dresdener Bank swallowed the largest Bulgarian banks. The whole economy of the country found itself in the grip of the German imperialists. Through several commercial and economic treaties Germany obtained all Bulgarian foodstuffs and raw materials. In exchange Bulgarians receive obsolete arms and planes. The result, naturally, is that little food is left and Bulgarians are starving. Few clothes are available and because of insufficient raw materials a considerable part of local industry stands idle. Forced requisitioning made the peasants reduce their arable fields to sizes that enable them to provide just enough food for their families. The puppet government has threatened to confiscate all unused land.

BULGARIA is at war with the United States and Great Britain but not with the Soviet Union. Offhand this might seem as though King Boris is in opposition to Hitler's Balkan policy. But the facts are quite to the contrary. By technically remaining at peace with the Soviet Union, Boris serves Hitler's purpose. Both men realize that Bulgarian troops sent to the Eastern Front could not be depended upon. And the Bulgarian armies which Boris has sent to Serbia have released Nazi troops for the Eastern Front. Had Boris sent Bulgarian divisions to fight Russia he would have increased the Bulgarians' hatred, if that is possible, both of himself and of his regime. Such a move also would have required the shipment of Nazi troops into Bulgaria to hold down unrest in the country. With Bulgarian soldiers serving as gendarmes in Macedonia, Serbia, and Northern Greece, Boris' chief role is that of safeguarding the Balkans against an internal explosion. He has ruled as the Nazis have ordered. It is he who planned the juncture of Bulgaria with the Axis and it is he and his collaborators who must be

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held responsible for the terrorization of the country.

There is hardly a country in Europe where the German attack on the Soviet Union had such a great effect as it did in Bulgaria. Issues were clarified almost overnight. And almost overnight leaflets and proclamations against Hitler and Hitlerism filtered into the streets. Protests were written to representatives in parliament and anti-Nazi demonstrations were held throughout the country. Sabotage spread far and wide. Nor could persecution and the arrest of thousands of civilians as well as soldiers and their officers stop expression of the mass desire for a Soviet victory.

Nazi agents tried to counterattack with a propaganda campaign against the USSR. Journalists were bribed to write of the annihilation of the Red Army. The Ministry of Education played its part by sending secret instructions to all teachers that they be silent about the role Russia has played in Bulgaria's regeneration. They were to stress the falsehood that Germany was Bulgaria's best friend and had helped in the "national unification" of the country. But all these well laid plans have not worked. Indignation is rife. It is known for example that Bulgarian troops are not eager to clash with the Yugoslav Partisans. The Partisans kill the Germans but disarm the Bulgarians and demobilize them. Many Bulgarians have joined Yugoslav Partisan detachments or formed guerrilla units of their own to fight the invaders. One group of soldiers executed for their anti-Nazi attitude shouted "Long live independent Bulgaria" as they were being lined up against a wall. Another soldier, by the name of Alatarski, said before his execution: "You are shooting me to death, but there are legions following in my steps." The Bulgarian police have admitted that many young people belong to secret organizations, operate secret radio stations, and otherwise engage in resistance movements. Sofia newspapers mention that the peasants are becoming too bold for their own good.

How the Nazi-minded General Christo Lukov was assassinated reveals in part the extent to which the underground has the support of Bulgarians. Lukov had just visited, together with Gestapo chief Drechsl, a Nazi movie. The underground had a few days before denounced Lukov as responsible for the death of twenty Bulgarian peasants, workers, and students after they had been sentenced by a special military court presided over by Konstatin Partov. Lukov was killed by several shots fired in a busy Sofia street. The man who killed him was able to escape only because of the spontaneous cooperation of all the passers-by. The Gestapo and the Bulgarian police surrounded the whole district where the attack had been made but they did not find a trace of the underground fighter. The people of Sofia were notified by a special edition of the underground paper *Zora* of the "execution carried out in accordance with the will of the people and the intention of the underground to punish traitors and criminals."

A secret radio station, "Free Bulgaria," broadcasts every day between six and eight in the evening. It advises Bulgarian soldiers to take to the mountains or to cross the frontier to join Bulgarian guerrillas or the guerrillas operating in Yugoslavia, Greece, and Rumania. The radio station has also reported riots of Bulgarian women in Sofia, Varna, and Plovdiv, where the Nazi policy of plunder has deprived the local population of meat and flour. Women attacked a train with flour and meat destined for Germany. This happened at a Sofia freight station in April 1943. The day after the riots the streets were covered with leaflets bearing the following slogans: "We want bread and peace! Down with the government! War on Hitler! Long live the brotherhood of the Bulgarian and Russian peoples!"

These struggles have been led by a wing of the anti-fascist opposition, the illegal Workers Party. Another active group in the patriotic front is the left wing of the Agrarian Party. These forces are strong and have become the nucleus of all anti-government activities. The Germans, of course, dread their existence because they work so zealously for lasting cooperation between these groups and the Western Allies. The Bolshevist bogey, fostered by the Nazis and King Boris, has had little effect.

Bulgarians in this country have started a movement in support of the war effort of the United Nations. These Bulgarian-American Committees formed in various cities have the support of the Bulgarian weekly *Narodna Volya* as well as the endorsement of many prominent Bulgarian-Americans and Macedonian-Americans notwithstanding some of the religious and political differences that exist among them. Their National Congress was held July 18—a Congress in the interests of even closer unity and supporting Bulgaria's heroic struggle against its enemies within and without.

Petko Goranov.

Underground

The Hungarian fascists are not enjoying the results of their loot. Carpathian Russia, occupied by them, continues to be a sore spot. And with the Nazi armies on the Eastern Front shaken to their roots, the Horthy regime in Budapest shows signs of the jitters.

Prime Minister Count Kallay recently visited Carpathian Russia in order to appease the population. Outright terror had not worked. So Kallay tried persuasion. At Uzhorod, capital of the area, he spoke of "the innate love of the great Hungarian nation for the national minorities within her borders." Kallay attempted to prove to the Carpathian Russians the "dangers of Bolshevization from which only Hungary and the Axis could save them." No sooner had he echoed Goebbels' words when someone heckled him with the outcry: "And what if we don't want to be saved?" The heckler was not discovered and the Prime Minister promptly gave up the rest of his speaking tour. Instead, Hungarian gendarmes hanged ten persons at Berehovo. There the population had attacked the Hungarian garrison which had been plundering them. The bodies of the ten who were hanged were to remain in the market place for three days as an example to the rest of the population. But the bodies hung from the gallows for only two days. During the night of the second day they were removed and the two Hungarian sentries assigned to guard the gallows were themselves hanging from them the next morning.

In the district of Berehovo, Hungarian motor truck columns were repeatedly attacked. The partisans destroyed seventeen trucks, three motorcycles, and three carts loaded with supplies for the Hungarian forces. They also damaged two armored cars and killed and wounded about sixty Hungarian officers and men.

A strong guerrilla detachment mined the road to Uzok Pass and blew up one German and nine Hungarian army cars. In one month the same detachment destroyed six oil tanks, wrecked three armored cars, and killed 100 German and Hungarian officers.

Conditions in Carpathian Russia are so bad that Hungarian soldiers sometimes prefer to volunteer for frontline duty rather than remain with the Carpathian garrison. Thirty men of the second Hungarian regiment have deserted. Some of them were caught and shot. In referring to these desertions the commanding general in Uzhorod spoke of the "hard days ahead because there might be real fighting in store for us; no one must think that conquered soil does not have to be defended."

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MR. DAVIES' SECOND MISSION

A report on Russia after five years which helps make clear why no one "can conquer this land and this people." The Soviets' "inner bastion" of defense.

The following tribute to our Soviet ally by former Ambassador Joseph E. Davies was originally made to the Conference of Governors held in Columbus, O., on June 21, the eve of the second anniversary of the titanic Eastern Front struggle. It is published below with Mr. Davies' permission.

You have asked me to tell you something about my trip to Moscow. I am honored to do so.

I appear before you as a postman. I was charged with the responsibility of carrying a letter to Moscow, and a reply to Washington. My mission, the President has said, was entirely successful. The plain inference from that fact, distasteful as it may be to the Axis, is that there is unity and agreement with reference to matters military, and otherwise, between our great leaders, Mr. Churchill, Mr. Stalin, and Mr. Roosevelt.

What was in these letters is, for the protection of all of us, exclusively the concern of Mr. Stalin, Mr. Roosevelt, and the leaders of the United Nations.

There are many things of possible interest, however, which I can properly tell you about. But please understand that I speak for no one but myself. I take the words out of no one's mouth, either Soviet or American official, when I speak to you this evening. I appear simply as a private citizen. My mission was completed.

At the outset, I should like to say that the experiences of this trip gave me renewed confidence in our ultimate victory, and in a better and more peaceful world, which will lie beyond victory. I went back to Russia after five years. There are great changes. Moscow itself has been greatly improved. It shows little of the scars of war. Outside of an atmosphere of great activity, it gives little appearance of a city at war. The army looks well clothed. The uniforms of the officers with their new epaulettes are smart. The morale appears to be very high.

There are many indications of a severe wartime shortage of foodstuffs. Generally, however, the people look sufficiently fed. The rationing is strict. It is graded according to the importance of the worker in the war effort. Those not so engaged have a harder time of it. I am told that many subsist on cabbages and potatoes, which they grow themselves.

Everywhere there are evidences of sorrow and grief. The casualty lists run into the millions of both soldiers and civilians. Every family in Russia has lost some loved one. The resulting bitterness has been intensified by the savage, wanton destruction of their cities, and the horrible brutalities of the Nazi troops. Every man, woman, and child is at war, and is personally the bitter enemy of Hitler.

The sufferings of the people, as well as the determination of their leaders, in my opinion, will be satisfied with nothing short of absolute victory, and unconditional surrender.

I had long talks with their great leaders, Marshal Stalin, Foreign Minister Molotov, Marshal Voroshilov, and other old friends. They are all working long hours and at top speed. Somehow they manage to keep themselves fit.

Marshal Stalin looked well, strong, and unworried. I was again impressed with the modesty, practical common sense, and wisdom of this extraordinary man. In my opinion, he is primarily the man responsible for the creation of the Red Army and the industrial power of Russia, and the welding of them into the machine which was able to resist and stop Hitler. He is, above all else, a quiet man; but he reflects an immense fortitude, courage, and innate power.

I also had visits with old friends who were not of high position. They are not interested in postwar problems. They have only one thing in their minds; to win the war, and to win it quickly. This means to them more sacrifices, more suffering, and even starvation; but they are grim about seeing it through.

Generally, there is a belief that this summer Hitler will make a supreme last effort to smash the Red Army or to take the Baku oil fields. They do not underestimate the power, which they think the German war machine still has. They watch it with anxiety, but without fear. They have confidence in their Red Army and in themselves.

They all spoke with gratitude of Britain's aid and of lend-lease, and the aid from the United States, which is now coming through in a substantial manner. They speak with enthuiasm of our victory in Tunisia as a contribution to the common cause. They are looking forward with natural anxiety and hope, however, to the imminent Western land front in Europe to relieve the pressure on their own Western lines.

From my trip generally, there are some outstanding impressions left in my mind. You might like to hear them.

(1) From what I saw, traveling by way of Trinidad, Brazil, Dakar, Nigeria, Khartoum, Egypt, Bagdad, Iran, Moscow, and from Nome to Washington, this stands out perhaps above all others. It is what our war effort has accomplished.

Our army has done a really great job. It is a great man's army. Practically around the earth, under the most difficult and trying conditions, in tropic heat and arctic cold, we find our men putting in gigantic installations in record-breaking time—literally doing the impossible. Vast camps have been built within a few months on square miles of land that had to be cleared out in the jungle, or created out of the swamps, morass, and tundra of the arctic. Malaria, fever, vermin, cold and heat—all were overcome. Great highways, vast airways, were built almost overnight. Hundreds of steel buildings were erected by men handling sheet metal in the bitter cold of forty degrees below zero. Whether in the heart of Africa or Alaska, our officers and men were doing miracles; but with great modesty as "all in the day's work." But let me tell you that what I saw is a monument to American genius, capacity and courage, and to the American soldier.

(2) During my stay in Russia six years ago, I traveled thousands of miles over White Russia, the Ukraine, Caucasus, and the Donets Basin, inspecting industry and agriculture in a region where it was reported sixty percent of the industry of Russia was located. This time I wanted to see more of the Urals and the Siberian country for myself, so I came back via Alaska.

In one Ural city I saw plants which had been transported bodily from Kiev and Kharkov. With these plants families were transported by thousands of freight cars. Hundreds of large two-and-a-half-story brick houses in whole sub-divisions for miles on end in eighteen months had been erected for these workers. I had heard of it and read of it, but to see it gives one an appreciation of the terrific job these people have done.

(3) As for Siberia, I shall never forget the impression which it made. For hundreds of miles it is one vast expanse of beautiful rolling country, dotted with lakes, groves of trees, traversed by wide sweeping rivers, and ridges.

Flying over this country at an altitude of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, I saw a tremendous agricultural region. There were hundreds and hundreds of square miles of great fields, bigger than our townships, in different colors of grain, all planted with precision and, from the air, looking orderly and well kept. The agricultural wealth east of Moscow in Siberia could feed an

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empire. And all along this frontier, which corresponds to our West, I saw great cities—boom cities, laid out in square miles like our prairie towns, dotted with factories, huge plants, and chimneys all over the place; cities that a few years ago did not have a population exceeding a few thousand, now with a population in the hundreds of thousands.

I saw one plant which was turning out fighting planes, the designs of which were unknown in June 1941; and the factories for which, and machine tools for which, did not exist two years ago.

This hinterland of wealth, resource, and power, guarded by natural barriers of high mountains and great distances, and these developments, are the cornerstone of Soviet military strategy. Both their army and their war plans are undoubtedly based upon this fact. They have an unconquerable new world behind them into which, if need be, they can always retreat. Never need the military authorities of her allies fear that the Red Army will be destroyed. Their strategy will be, if necessary, to fall back again and again, into the big, new bases of agriculture and armaments production, while the German lines grow longer and longer and more easy to bomb or sabotage, and more vulnerable. Napoleon reached Moscow to be smothered in the fastnesses of Russia. There remain still thousands of miles of the Russian featherbed to destroy the German Wehrmacht, if Hitler penetrates it. If you were to see this country, it would convince you, I think, that neither Hitler nor anyone else could conquer this land and this people.

(4) Another fact that impressed me greatly was that in the leaders of the Soviet government, I found an extraordinary quality of unspoken confidence and quiet strength. They apparently have found that their army can take all that the Germans have to give; that they can trade punches toe to toe, and that they can still come back and carry the fight into the enemy's corner. This they have done for two years. Apparently they believe they can continue to do so. Their army's morale is stronger than ever; the stubborn resistance and support of their people is everywhere apparent. Their "ace in the hole" is their inner bastion of defense, which ensures that they can never be conquered. They have suffered bitterly. They seem to me like men who have withstood the worst, and who have found themselves, and who believe that through their army, their people, and themselves, they cannot be beaten.

(5) In 1938 in Europe it was commonly said that Hitler was on a bicycle; that he had to keep going; that he could not stand still. He is in that position in Russia. In my judgment, what Hitler failed to achieve in '41 and '42 he will fail to achieve in 1943. But, if he fails to attack, he is in constant danger. The Russian army has never lost its capacity for initiative. It is its supreme virtue. It is Hitler's constant menace in the East.

(6) There is still another outstanding fact which I think you will find pride in. It is briefly this:

Throughout my trip about the earth, from Brazil to Siberia, there was one name on the lips of all the people as one of the great leaders of the earth, and one upon whom the hopes of multitudes of men and women were pinned in this crisis in world history. That was the name of an American—Franklin Roosevelt—your colleague, the former governor of the State of New York. Every American, I am sure, must feel a thrill of pride in that fact.

(7) The impression that I had five years ago has been confirmed, namely, that the Soviet people and their leaders desire, above all else, a peaceful world. They believe in Great Britain, the United States, and the United Nations. They demand respect and confidence in their good faith. If they, in turn, have confidence in the good faith and the will of the four great powers of the earth, and the other United Nations, to create a community of nations in the world where law and order will be maintained, in my opinion, they will go the whole way as high-mindedly, as altruistically, and as unselfishly as any of the nations of the earth.

(8) There is one impression which perhaps was the most vivid and strongest of all, and that was Stalingrad.

STALINGRAD stretched along the river for about forty-five miles. Practically all of the central and northern part of the city is utterly and completely destroyed. Nothing remained but gaunt, bare walls, roofless and windowless, which seemed to stretch up like twisted, white arms to the sky; or black, charred, huge spaces where fire had burned everything down to the very roots. There were many, many blocks—whole districts—where there remained nothing but an occasional chimney, with all the rest rubble. All around the city for miles—and in fact the city itself—the ground is pockmarked with trenches, shell holes, dugouts, wrecked tanks, crashed airplanes, and evidences of battle.

Words are not adequate to describe the horror of that scene.

All in all, it was the most terrible, horrible, and damnable thing that I had ever seen. It was unbelievable that such a blot on our civilization could possibly be perpetrated by so-called civilized men. It made everyone of our party burn with anger. But it also had another effect. It gave rise to a feeling of veneration for, and pride in, the manhood which enabled that gallant band of men to stand with their backs to the river, cut off from all retreat, and fight their way up from the verge of annihilation, foot by foot to victory, and the annihilation or capture of 400,000 of the enemy.

In conclusion, may I say that, after all, it is the simple truth, that without Russia to aid us in this war, we would have been in desperate jeopardy. Without Russia, we cannot plan a secure peace. Russia, like the British empire, China, and ourselves, is too big to be left out of a peace community.

Civilization owes an enormous debt to the British empire and its immortal Dunkerque, to China, to the valiant Dutch, the gallant Norwegians, the brave Belgians, Czechs, and Yugoslavs, and all those people who are still fighting Hitler in the occupied territories. But we should not forget the tremendous debt we owe to the Soviet Union.

It is, I believe, not an overstatement to assert that but for the resistance of the Red Army and the Soviet Union, the Germans might have overrun Africa; might have made Tunisia impossible, and might have made junction with the Japanese in India and on the Persian Gulf. Had that happened, our enemies, not we, would today be dictating the global strategy.

Of course, it is true they fought for their own liberties and their own homes. But it is also true that they saved our civilization.

If there is to be peace in the world, it must be based on an agreement between Great Britain, Russia, China, the United States, and the other United Nations. That agreement is no better than the confidence which each has in the other. The confidence of Russia in us is as vital as the confidence of the United Nations and ourselves in Russia.

There are a few in our country who still bicker at Russia; who still carp at Russia; who still quarrel at the way in which they live and conduct their own government, which is exclusively their own business. To do this is to play Hitler's game. Every possible thing that Goebbels' propaganda machine can do to make us fear and hate Russia, and make Russia fear and hate us, Hitler's machine is doing. It is the only thing which might save the skins of the Nazis.

It is neither sensible, wise, nor right to encourage criticisms of the good faith of the Soviet Government, or attacks upon its leaders. The conditions under which our children's children will live may depend upon what we do now.

To you, governors of our great Commonwealth, whom I know to be all lovers of peace and great Americans, I know I can address with confidence the thought that we should all join in a constructive effort to create a public opinion, at this critical time, when both the war and the future peace is in jeopardy, which would fortify our confidence in our Allies, and their confidence in us. Russia, Britain, China, or any of the other United Nations, should not be alienated by intolerance or little criticisms of one against the other. That is very vital to all of us. Divided, our nations would perish. United, we can win the war, save the future for our children, and keep faith with our fighting men.

JOSEPH E. DAVIES.

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COMMUNIST IDENTITY

Should members of the Communist Party declare themselves openly? Discrimination makes this impossible for many, writes Morris U. Schappes. A problem that also concerns national unity.

THE dissolution of the Communist International has brought to the fore anew the question of the Communist Party's place in the American scene. Earl Browder in two letters to the New York *Times* has offered in the name of the Party its "cooperative effort to lay the 'specter of Communism'" and has suggested "a period of frank discussion, honestly directed toward facts and not to buttress prejudice [which] will produce a new relationship of American Communists in American public life, thus settling a vexatious issue that disturbs national unity." (*Times*, May 29 and June 5.) NEW MASSES has initiated its own discussion of this question in the exchange of letters between Max Lerner and A. B. Magil in its July 13 issue.

Two contributions to this discussion by non-Communists call for analysis because they lead to two types of inadequate proposals. Thus the late George P. West, writing in the *New Republic* for May 10, 1943, even before the Comintern dissolution, concludes: "I should like to see the party issue an official statement admitting its policy of conspiracy and secrecy, justifying that policy as well as it can, and then condemning it and repudiating it for the future." And Morris L. Ernst, in a letter to the *Times* of June 24, 1943, replying to Browder, declares: "I call for disclosure, by legislation, of the membership rolls and all of the financial interstices of the Communist Party." Both these proposals, although one uses persuasion while the other advocates compulsion by legislation, have one fallacy in common: they assume that action by the Communist Party alone, with everything else continuing "as usual," would be sufficient to solve the problem of the new relationship. But it seems to me the opposite is true; as Browder has said, a "cooperative effort" is needed, and that means that many forces in American life will have to modify their attitude and their conduct if Communists are to be able to modify theirs.

First, it ought to be pointed out that while both West and Ernst are concerned with the problem of concealment of identity on the part of some Communists, there is a basic difference in their approach. West is constructively interested in fully incorporating Communists in the body politic and for this purpose urges the party to repudiate a "policy of conspiracy and secrecy." Ernst, on the other hand, is one of those professional "liberals" who thinks that the best way to combat the professional reactionaries is to steal their thunder. In his letter to the *Times* he described the Communist Party as a "secret underground movement" and employed language that would have delighted the heart of a Martin Dies or a Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., with both of whom Ernst has been more than friendly (he endorsed Vichyman Coudert for reelection to the New York state Senate last year).

The Communist Party is not and never was a conspiracy. It has been a legal political organization for some twenty years, with its legality now officially affirmed by the Supreme Court's recent decision in the Schneiderman case. What is a fact, however, is that not every *member* of the Communist Party *feels free* to disclose his membership to *everybody*. For instance, when I joined the Party in 1934, I wanted very much to announce the fact publicly. There was only one thing that restrained me: the consciousness that I would in all probability speedily be deprived of the right to work as a college teacher in my chosen profession, dismissed from the College of the City of New York where I had been teaching for six years, and blacklisted by every college, public school, and civil service institution in the country.

George West, at least, recognizes the validity of my estimate of the environment when he writes; "And the things we have loathed about the Communist Party in America must be seen as, partly at least, the product of dominant forces in American life for which we cannot escape responsibility—the intolerance and ignorance and sheer malevolence personified by the Palmers and Daughertys and Hardings, the Hearsts and McCormicks and Lorimers, the Burnses and Meanses, the plug-uglies and labor spies and provocateurs, the subservient police and district attorneys, the professional juries, the professional vigilantes in and out of the [American] Legion." Knowing that these *were* the dominant forces, and that they were undemocratic, I made the personal decision (there was no "party policy" involved) to use a pseudonym. George Sand and George Eliot had used pseudonyms to hide their very sex from those so prejudiced as to dismiss their work out of hand if they knew the authors were women; newspapers were full of reports of Personages traveling incognito to avoid petty annoyances; I used a pseudonym to protect my right to work in a democracy so limited that it did not guarantee that right to all, regardless of their political views. Nevertheless I was continuously envious of the hundreds and thousands of Communists whose names I came to know as names of those who could *afford* to be known in their communities as Communists. Most of these publicly declared Communists, it is true, were not only members but employes of the Communist Party, receiving anywhere from fifteen dollars to thirty-five dollars per week, so that they could provide for food and shelter, and buy books, and even have children. Low indeed though this standard of economic security was, it was more security than was enjoyed by the thousands of Communists employed in private or public enterprises that would callously have excluded them from even a livelihood if their workers were discovered to be Communists.

IS THERE a question of integrity here? Certainly! West admits "from first-hand knowledge" that the Communist Party has "enlisted in this country men and women of the finest character and sincerity." It was not a reflection on *their* integrity that they did not proclaim their membership. Rather was their caution a sad reflection on the integrity, character, and sincerity of a political democracy so limited by reactionary forces that it made abnormal demands on a section of its citizenry. After all, not so many years ago it was common practice for union members to keep their membership secret from their foremen, labor spies, and their employers, because they feared being fired if found out prematurely, that is, before the union could effectively defend their jobs. But West, recognizing the reciprocity of the cause and even perhaps of the cure, still turns to the Communist Party to take unilateral action without guarantees of any kind.

I am sure that George West, and even perhaps Morris Ernst, despite his long and active collaboration with the most virulent Red-baiters, would not propose to underground Communists fighting the Axis in Norway, in Spain, in Germany, in France, in Holland, in Greece, in Italy, in Poland or in Belgium that they should disclose their identity to the fascist rulers. Similarly West and Ernst would not propose to any of the non-Communist underground resistance movements in Axis or in subjugated countries (most of which, incidentally, include the Communists in the common anti-Axis front) that they reveal themselves to the Gestapo and its quislings. The integrity of these underground movements is best judged in terms of the damage they do to the Axis enemy by sabo-

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tage, strikes, or by guerrilla and partisan warfare.

For quite opposite reasons, West and Ernst would have no need to call upon Communists in the territories of the Soviet Union still controlled by Soviet power to declare themselves as Communists. Whatever special obligations and sacrifices being a Communist in the Soviet Union entails, these obligations are voluntarily assumed for the good of the nation as a whole. It is only, then, in capitalist democracies that the matter of individual identification of all Communist Party members constitutes a "vexatious issue that disturbs national unity." And I should like to make some counter-proposals on the handling of this issue.

MY GUIDING principle will be that all problems be handled in the light of the paramount necessity of achieving the speediest possible unconditional surrender of Germany, Italy, Japan, and their vassal allies. Therefore the fullest integration of the Communist Party and all its members into the pattern of a firm national unity requires the guarantee of the utmost extension of all democratic rights to all Communists.

Legislation is neither the beginning nor the end of the problem, although it can play a significant part in *recording in law* the changed public attitude toward the Communists. This changed attitude needs to express itself in industry, in government, in the press, in the schools, in all public institutions. What is essential now is that leaders of public opinion begin openly to re-evaluate their old estimates of the Communist Party, its methods, and its relations. Surely many of them, spurred by their sense of intellectual integrity, must be *privately* revising their views—just as they have been publicly overhauling their opinions on the Soviet Union, collective security, Munich, or American policy toward the Spanish republic. By revealing the courage of their new convictions they would render an invaluable public service. For by this time it ought to be clear that continued discrimination against Communists not only jeopardizes the rights of all Americans, but keeps alive that bugaboo which divides our people and casts a heavy cloud on our relations with the Soviet Union and with the anti-Axis movements in France, Yugoslavia, and other countries in which Communists play such a vital role.

The legislation that will be required will be chiefly in the form of the repeal of all laws that impose penalities upon Communists, accompanied by a cessation of all government practices, in all municipal, county, state, or federal branches, that discriminate against Communists. Specifically, this would involve the repeal of all laws preventing Communists from having government employment of any kind. The Civil Service Commission and the FBI would be required to stop discriminating against Communists. Military and Naval Intelligence and the FBI would be ordered to desist from preventing Communists in the armed forces from contributing to the maximum on the battlefields against the Axis. The Communists would have to be granted equal right to the proper and orderly use of the streets, of schools, and other public buildings, and of radio time to discuss their program for winning the war.

Secondly, for industry and all private enterprise, legislation or at least an executive order in line with the fair employment practice principle would be needed to prevent any employer from discriminating in any way against an employe for his political opinions and legal political activities. There would also be a problem in some trade unions that have constitutional or other provisions barring Communists from membership. Here, just as the administration is beginning to prevent unions from applying similar discriminatory provisions based upon race or color, so it would have to see to it that these constitutional clauses based on political affiliation are likewise abrogated. It need not be emphasized that there might have been no coal strike, or certainly there would have been fewer miners striking, if the United Mine Workers constitution did not forbid membership to Communists and if Lewis had been prevented from persecuting Communist miners for the past twenty years. The Communist no-strike pledge has everywhere been absolutely inflexible and has admitted of no exceptions.

Third, certain other agencies or practices should be eliminated, such as the Dies committee, the Coudert committee in New York, the Tenney committee in California, and any others of that kind, whose chief purpose has proved in action to be the suppression of all progressivism. Anti-Communist squads attached to police departments could be assigned to more useful and patriotic work. There could be a discontinuance of known practices of sending police spies into labor and progressive or-

"Personally, I'm against all hyphenated Americans—but don't you think Social-Democrats are different?"

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Letter to a Scientist

Prof. Leonid K. Ramzin,
Moscow, USSR.

DEAR PROFESSOR RAMZIN: You do not know me, but I feel almost as if I know you. For eleven days I saw you hour after hour, watched your face, heard your voice again and again. That was a long time ago—November and December 1930. You were on trial as a traitor to your country. I was an American newspaper correspondent at your trial.

Nearly thirteen years have passed since you stood in the stately Hall of Columns in the House of the Trade Unions—you and the seven others—and heard the sentence of the court: "to be shot—the supreme measure of social defense. . . ." You had been director of the Thermo-Technical Institute in Moscow. You had written 150 books and pamphlets, won international renown in the field of hydro-electric power. And now you stood naked of all honor and human worth, covered only with shame, you, the self-confessed leader of the counter-revolutionary Industrial Party, who had put science in the service of anti-science and become a miserable wrecker of that which millions were building out of their very bone with so much anguish and hope.

I can still see your pale, immobile face under the blazing lights and the tuft of ash-blond hair bristling from your forehead. I can hear your dry, clipped voice. "Now, when I think of the coming penalty, of the coming retribution, there is a conflict of two feelings within me; one feeling that tells me that with such a disgrace, and with such a distrust (because I cannot be treated otherwise) it is impossible to live on. Better death than such a life. Yet, on the other hand, I want to live in order to witness myself that epoch of wonders such as has never yet existed in the history of mankind. I want to take part myself in this great work of construction."

The Soviet government let you live, commuted the death sentence to ten years' imprisonment. But you did not burn your years away in a cage. You were given the opportunity to recover your human heritage, to take up again your scientific work. And the ten years were cut in half. You lived to witness the epoch of wonders: the success of the Five-Year Plans, the growth of the unity of diverse peoples, and the rising of all these millions to defend their country against the beast of fascism. And part of all these wonders—yourself. The news comes that you have been awarded a $30,000 Stalin prize and the Order of Lenin for inventing a remarkable new turbo-generator. Thirteen years have passed, and you are a soldier of your country, a fighter in the army of humanity, the comrade not of traitors but of heroes. What greater miracle can there be than this?

Many in other lands failed to learn the lessons of those years. They slammed shut their minds—or others did it for them—against the truths which were wrung out of you and your accomplices thirteen years ago. They did not believe when you said that the reactionary industrial and political rulers of France plotted with you for a new war directed against the Soviet Union. Those French reactionaries became the collaborators of Hitler: today it is clear that they plotted against France, against Europe, against the world. And many did not believe when you said that the Baltic states were to be the springboards of the invasion of Russia, that, in the words of one of your confederates, "Finland was definitely referred to as a country aggressively inclined against the Soviet Union, and which had apparently great experience in provoking all sorts of frontier incidents."

The cost of learning the truth has been terribly high. But we are learning it, we are fighting for it, and we shall make it ours. You too have won a great battle for the truth—the battle against yourself. And in finding a new soul, you have found the strength, the will that makes men free. You are living proof that man can change himself and therefore the world.

A. B. MAGIL.

ganizations to track down alleged Communists.

As for the one piece of legislation Morris Ernst is interested in, I think the following ought to be considered. First, it is the essence of democracy that all law-abiding parties be treated alike before the law. If applied to Communists alone, Ernst's law would in effect be saying to them, "Come, show your heads so we can lop them off." To be non-discriminatory, Ernst's proposal would have to be modified to require *every* political party (Democratic, Republican, American Labor, Social Democratic, Socialist, etc.), to disclose "the membership rolls and all of the financial interstices." I cannot speak for the Communist Party, but I suppose it would not claim exemption if the government should decide that the disclosure of the membership rolls and financial accounts of all political parties was necessary in order to help win the war. In that case Communists would share whatever minor evils might ensue. For instance, there might be inconveniences suffered by Republicans in Texas or Democrats in Maine if their identity was known. There are two ways of handling the problem posed by Ernst, as our experience with religious freedom indicates. One way is to demand that all persons declare their religious belief, and guarantee to each one protection from any evil consequence. The other is to forbid anyone from asking any person what his religion is in order that everyone might be more effectively guaranteed against discrimination. The question then is: does equal treatment of all political parties in the spirit of American democracy require that everyone be asked to declare his political affiliations or that no one be asked to do so? In this case, it seems to me the ends of democracy today would best be served by requiring no one to declare his political affiliation.

OF COURSE, it would be easy to get sidetracked into a futile and abstract discussion as to which should come first, the chicken or the egg: the legislation guaranteeing equal and democratic treatment of all Communists or the public declaration of their membership by all Communists. In actuality, there is a *process* involved in which many factors are operative. These discussions are designed to speed up that process. Already the decision by the Supreme Court in the Schneiderman case has been used by Sen. Sheridan Downey in the debate that led the Senate to reject, for a second time, the Kerr amendments that would dismiss even such non-Communists as Robert Morss Lovett, Goodwin Watson, and William E. Dodd, Jr., from the federal service. Many trade unions are now sufficiently mature and democratic to defend Communists members from persecution by employers in private, non-government contract industries. Undoubtedly individual Communists are in many instances beginning to *feel freer* to disclose their membership. But the process is very far from complete, and Communists and the Communist Party alone cannot complete it. Government, public opinion, industry, and labor as well as the Communist Party will have to contribute to the process in a "cooperative effort."

MORRIS U. SCHAPPES.

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THE MAN WHO BOMBED BERLIN—V

Sasha Molodchy experiences near-death in the air and personal tragedy among his friends—and reaches new heights in the fight against the Axis. . . . The final installment of the diary.

AUGUST 19, 1942: The moon sheds a bluish light on the ground. No wind. We are off to Danzig. The visibility is excellent. We approach our objective at an altitude of 5,000 meters. There are fires down below. It is the work of our squadrons that have taken off ahead of me. Good for them! The AA guns meet us on the city's outskirts. We are caught in the beams of searchlights. The blinding beams cross on the plane. Explosions resound around us, grow in volume. We increase our speed and drop to a lower altitude. Searchlight crews start "passing" around us. We maneuver intensely. The plane is obedient to my every move and we mislead the AA defense. On sighting our target we settle down to horizontal flying. Sergei drops the bombs. We make for a gap between explosions of AA shells. Now for home and rest.

August 20: By order of the People's Commissar of Defense our regiment has been reorganized into a Guards Regiment. During the past year our regiment carried out 2,500 operational flights, of which 1,786 were night flights. Some 3,000 tons of bombs were dropped on military industrial objectives and enemy troops. The aerial gunners downed twenty-four enemy fighter planes in air battles. Eighty planes were burned and smashed on enemy airdromes, many were damaged.

August 24: The past five days we were engaged in flights on the western front. We had encounters with the Messerschmitts and Heinkels. Nothing particularly exciting happened.

August 25: Tomorrow it will be twenty-eight years since Capt. Peter Nesterov met his death. We are proud of such forefathers. He was a brilliant Russian airman, author of *Looping the Loop*, father of aerobatics. Nesterov at the same time was a theoretician of aviation, novel designer, explorer, and scientist.

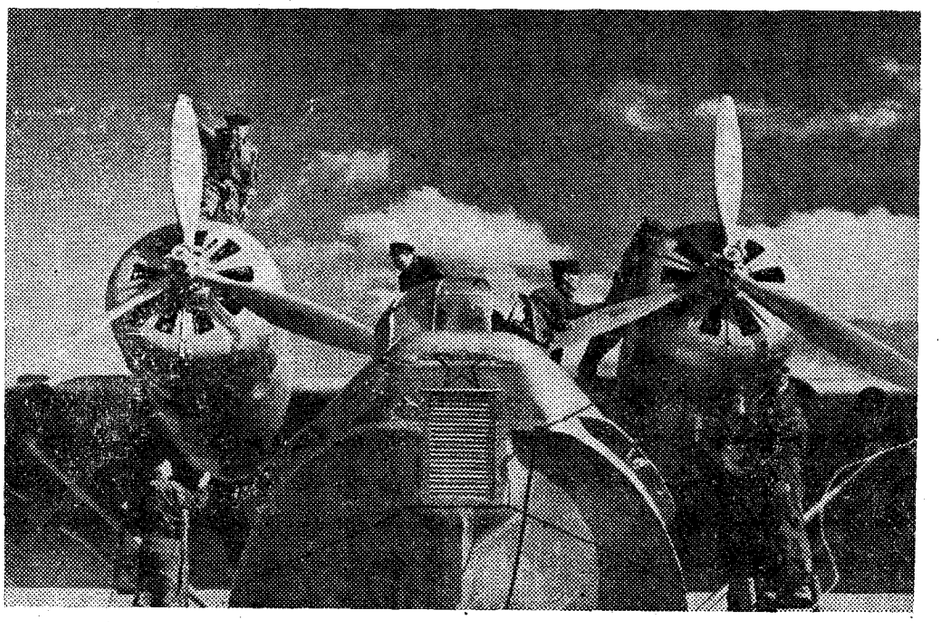
August 26: The flight to Berlin has been okayed! We have been preparing for some time already. For months and months we've been dreaming about it, and when our favor for this impossible dream had somewhat cooled down, just like Chkalov's plan to fly "around the globe," came the glad news of unexpected permission. Sergei struts around like an inflated turkey. His face is shining. We got a map and chart of the exact route. Preparations for the flight are in full swing.

We are heading for Berlin, carrying the maximum bomb load. We fly over Stettin—by the looks of it, it would seem that they've been given a good thrashing by our bombs. Fires. Bursts of AA explosions. The white fingers of searchlights probe the sky. There is a strong head wind. The plane rocks and it is difficult to push ahead. We are consuming more fuel. We're all silent, everyone engrossed in his own thoughts—in one thought: to make the raid as successful as possible so that Berlin will long remember our short visit. In the spring I read a description in one of our magazines of a raid on Berlin. The British flyers certainly did a good job and I envied them. But here we have our chance to lambaste it into the capital of the Third Reich. We'll compete with the British boys.

"Attention! We're approaching," comes from Sergei. In front of us is Berlin. The big black city crouches like an octopus in the gloom. Its searchlights try to catch us in their beams. I veer to one side and get ready for an attack. I'm tense with excitement. My one fear isn't that I'll be hit. No, no. It's that I may bungle things at the last moment. It will be most aggravating, to say the least, if the bombs explode on some square or vacant plot. My first raid on Berlin must be a perfect blow. That's the least that the accursed city deserves. Tomorrow the whole world will learn of our flight. And the hearts of millions of people tortured by the Hitlerite jackals will sing with joy. Mothers who have lost their children will bless us like avengers and champions of a just cause. "Thank you" is what they will say to us. "And may your first blow be followed by many more. Wipe the fascist scum off the face of the earth."

Our bombs hit their target. We are caught by searchlights. There are hundreds of them. My co-pilots are late. Not a single plane is on the horizon. I'm alone over the city. Berlin's whole AA defense system bristles up against me. AA guns are pounding away, sending up a tornado of fire such as we've never seen before. The searchlights have us trapped in their beams for several minutes. I maneuver energetically to escape them. In the beginning the gunners report on explosions from different sides. Afterward, silence. I continue maneuvering in, "blind." "Hullo," I call out, "have you decided to go off to sleep or what?" I hear Alexander Panfilov's voice through earphones: "Comrade Commander, there are hundreds of explosions all around, below and above. It's useless to watch the air. Pilot your plane as best you can."

For a number of kilometers I fly in the beams' searchlights and under fire of guns. At last I break through and get away. I continue the flight by landmarks. The gunners start singing and the navigator joins in. I feel as if my feet are one piece of lead, my body is being dragged down by heavy chains. I can hardly keep my eyes open. I put a bottle of smelling salts to my nose. We cross the front and land at the first airdrome to refuel. Just as we are stepping out of our cockpits we see fighter planes go up. Guessing what it is all about, I order my crew back to their planes. We zoom up. German bombers are over the



Preparations for a fighting assignment

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airdrome. Our AA defense treats them to a good dose of fire. The German bombers beat a retreat.

We land for a second time. "You were born under a lucky star," remarks the mechanic, coming up to us. "As you were going up, the bomb was already dropping. What saved you was the top speed at which you went up."

August 29: Fourth raid on Koenigsberg. The weather was excellent. The assignment was carried out successfully.

August 30: Sergei's wife, Lydia Nikolayevna, his mother, Nadzehda Borisovna, and his fifteen-year-old son, Yo Jura, perished at the hands of the Hitlerites in the south. He was informed of this in a letter from somebody from his home town. Sergei is sitting at the table, his chin cupped in his hands. His stern face seems as if it had turned to stone. His eyebrows are contracted. He is not crying, but it is far worse when tears don't come. "It's a terrible tragedy, Sergei," I say, stroking his head as you would a child's. "Have courage old man. There's nothing to be done. They've shared the fate of many Russian women, children, and old folk. It is a terrible fate. We shall take revenge for everything. Blood for blood!"

He leaves the room and goes off by himself. He returns a few hours later and sits on the couch, silent, his face grim, and smokes incessantly. Every now and then he sighs heavily. I want to draw his mind off gloomy thoughts but don't know how to do it. I ask him to go along with me to chow. "Leave me alone, will you?" he curtly replies.

"What do you want, Sergei?" I ask. "To take off immediately to bomb the enemy! Go and ask for permission." "It is not flying weather," I reply gently, recognizing the weakness of the argument. "I see! And this coming from Captain Molodchy. Maybe you, Sasha, and I? There is no such thing as non-flying weather. Impossible. You and I have been up in fog, rain, and snow. Then you could and today you say it can't be done?"

"We can fly, Sergei, but we wouldn't hit the target. We've no right to waste ammunition. The command does not permit it, so it is out of the question." "Nonetheless, go to headquarters and ask," he insists. "Tell them that it is more than I can stand. The enemy is drowning our soil in blood, Sasha, we must go up. The enemy has aroused our burning hatred and fury. Let him be repaid in full measure." "I cannot fly with you today," I reply. "You're much too excited. You may make a blunder, and as you know a pilot can make only one mistake in his life over enemy territory and live. Our country still needs us. I don't want to, and will not, fly with you today. Major Kulikov, is that clear? Well, that's all." Sergei looks at me, confused, and crumples his unfinished cigarette in his hands. He sighs again. "And what about tomorrow, Sasha?" "Tomorrow we will fly," I reply, "if you calm down."

September 1: We received information about a recent raid by our unit on a German airdrome where many German planes were grounded. The results of the bombing were twelve planes destroyed, thirty-six crippled, forty trucks burned, a fuel dump and five foodstores blown up, 156 soldiers and officers killed. Not bad, I'd say.

September 2: Received letters from women, old-folk pioneers, Red Army men, and commanders, all complete strangers to me, in which they thank me for bombing German cities.

September 4: Off to raid Budapest. "We are paying a flying visit to the Hungarians," said our navigator. "I wonder what kind of a reception they will accord us." "Don't expect too much," I replied laughingly. "They're poor people, vassals, who themselves have to live off crumbs from another's table."

The weather was not of the best. There were thunder clouds. We found a break in the clouds and guided ourselves by landmarks. Below stretched Czechoslovakia, Hungary. The cities were lighted up as in peacetime. Buoys twinkled on the Danube, steamers shed their light profusely. We drew ever closer to Budapest. The city had just been bombed by our planes that took off ahead. We could see the fires. Despite the alert, many houses were not blacked out. Automobiles showing their headlights raced along the streets; the street lamps were burning.

A morning shave at the airdrome

We attacked our objective, as defense fire was scattered—only two or three AA guns were in action. After Koenigsberg and Berlin this was child's play. We released our bombs calmly and with precision. That done, we headed back east.

Hitler's satellites received their share of what is coming to them. Hitherto they lived placidly, thinking themselves far from the front, beyond reach. This imagined impunity led to brazen insolence. They vaunted their strength, brandished their weapons. Our bombs will make them sing small.

We were flying in thunder clouds. Our homeward trip was much more difficult and we all had our hands full. We sniffed a bottle of smelling salts and nibbled away at a piece of chocolate. The crew sang to keep me awake. Finally we landed on our airdrome. We were in the air exactly ten hours and one minute.

September 5: "Sasha, the Major General has been killed," stated Kulikov walking into my room. I got up from the bed but was unable to utter a single word. I felt a burning pain in my heart. Sergei wiped his eyes. My teacher killed! I sat down on a chair and sank into a kind of torpor. Nikolai Ivanovich. What a fine figure he was. Ten years in aviation. Educated hundreds of flyers who have brought glory to the Soviet Air Force. He was exacting and strict. We young pilots under him sometimes grumbled and accused him of always finding fault, but we soon convinced ourselves that he was invariably right. He wanted us to be ace pilots. He was a man with a great soul. He never could tolerate the mediocre in anything. He had no use for those who couldn't make good. He recognized only excellent work. We loved him and our love bordered on adoration. A kind word from him made us feel as if we were walking on air. A reproach from him would set us thinking deeply about the matter and we took it very much to heart.

I recall one of his talks with us. Our army had withdrawn from a big town and we, of course, were down in the mouth. One of the pilots, sighing heavily, said "How much longer are we going to retreat?" "Stop snivelling, boys," said Nikolai Ivanovich in a severe tone. "There are different retreats. Withdrawing, we inflict mortal wounds on the enemy. We are destroying his material. The day will come when we will say 'Halt!' And then: 'Forward.' Russians know how to retreat and to attack." He spoke for a long time about the art of maneuver in the Russian Army and his sincere words, which rang with conviction, seemed to take a load off our minds.

September 12: Today we were presented with the Guards Standard. Our regiment

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lined up on the field of the airdrome for the ceremony. Bending on one knee the men of the regiment took the oath: "We vow to the Soviet government, Bolshevik Party, and the people's great leader, Stalin, that we will intensify our blows at the enemy. We vow to cover the Guards Standard with glory." The band played the Internationale. Major Kulikov, Captain Nesmashni, and I were appointed standard bearers. We received the standard from the regimental commander and marched past the men.

September 13: We are off to Bucharest. The weather is fine. Today I am "leader." We will drop explosives and flare bombs for the benefit of planes following. Bombers come on the scene at intervals of three every five minutes and attack the city from all sides. The objective is enveloped in flames. The AA fire is weak We have squared accounts with Antonescu.

September 25: We are operating on another sector of the front where we are striking at enemy troops. Many German fighters are bombing at low altitude like assault planes. We take off on operational flights every night. The weather is bad, what with thunderstorms, rain, etc. We fly according to schedule regardless of difficulties and complex meteorological conditions.

The flyers piloting Y-2 planes are doing a good piece of work here. They go up in a slow-moving plane with a small load of bombs and tirelessly pound away at the Germans. In the section of the city occupied by the Germans they bomb not districts, but houses and fire points. The low speed permits them to bomb with an accuracy such as we have never even dreamed of. They can land wherever they happen to be—they don't even need an airdrome. On dark nights the intrepid pilots fly over German trenches, the bellies of their planes nearly touching ground, and steadily bomb away.

"Sasha," says the navigator, "if we were to count up how many shells the Germans fired against our plane since the beginning of the war I dare say the figure would be pretty imposing. I'd say it is quite an uncomfortable business shooting at Soviet planes." "The mad fuehrer is not concerned with losses," I reply. "He spares neither money nor people." "But the day will come when Germans will have to reckon up accounts of the war. They will be made to pay for the damages. Everybody will present his bill. We will force them to restore Dnieproges, Donbas, and the Krivoi Rog mines. They will build a new Smolensk."

"First they must be smashed, brought to their knees, Sergei." "That's exactly what we will do. If only there were a second front—everything would be different!"

October 10: We have been given an assignment to bomb an important enemy railway bridge. This has been bombed many times at night by our airmen but it still stands and trains continue to cross it. The bridge is protected by powerful AA defenses, and Messerschmitts patrol the given area day and night. A great deal of effort and energy has been spent on this bridge without success. I asked for permission to bomb the bridge at dawn. The command agreed only on condition that I was to turn back if the weather improved towards morning and the sky was cloudless.

The sky was overcast, and it was raining as we took off. Visibility was nil. The plane tore off the soggy ground with difficulty. Until we reached the front line we flew in the clouds. In the vicinity of our objective the sky was clear and dawn began to break. We decided nevertheless to bomb.

We approached the target flying at an altitude of 3,000 meters. And then heading for the target, we dropped down to ten or fifteen meters above the ground. The AA guns were silent. Sergei released the bombs. The AA guns opened up a tornado of fire. Suddenly the outlines of a water tower loomed in front. We stopped; engrossed in maneuvering over the target, we failed to notice this enemy which lies in wait for unwary flyers at low altitudes. I sharply pulled the stick toward me. The nose of the plane shot upward. We skimmed across the roof. That was a close shave. We left the AA guns behind and began to climb. At an altitude of 3,000 meters Sergei says, "Let's take a deep breath together, Sasha. It looks as if we have been under a lucky star."

November 6: Tomorrow is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Russian Revolution. If not for the war there would be festivities throughout the country. Oh well, we will celebrate after the war is over. Sergei summarizes the work of the crew. We have been out on 160 operational flights, covered 180,000 kilometers over enemy territory, dropped two hundred bombs on different objectives. We defended Moscow, fought in Kharkov and Voronezh directions, at Leningrad and Stalingrad. We flew to Germany, to Hitler's vassals. The crews have "traveled the map." Rather impressive. "We've done our best," says the navigator. "It's a record that anybody can feel mighty proud of. Here's hoping that by the end of the war we will still manage to add to our score; what do you say, Sasha?" "Absolutely," I reply. "As long as we are alive and kicking we will certainly increase the figure."

It begins to grow dark outdoors. I switch on the light in the room. Sergei plugs in the radio. The broadcast is from Moscow —anniversary meeting. Honorary Presidium being elected. A thunder of applause. We will soon hear a familiar voice, near and dear to us. Stalin will speak about our country, about our struggle, about the coming victory. We look toward the loudspeaker and wait tensely.

SASHA MOLODCHY.

Bomber's Moon

It is useless to peer upward for beauty as we did.
The moon is gouged of all meaning but death.
When there is fog the harvest will be cut by old men with sickles;
The lovers are scattered stiffly as birds in the cold season.
Only pilots use the remains of the round light.

If our planes are waiting the silver rocket, it will be a good moon:
The black cities will lie on their backs under the bombardier's eye.
A later night the bright snarling motors will cross the stars,
The moon lean large and terribly toward us, the whole evil sky explode in our faces.

It is a bomber's moon, the residue of adoration in one cry: *ours or theirs?*
Load the racks! Warm up the planes! Wave to the young men!
Know they will die.
Know they will restore the late gold light to the harvest and the lovers,
Know they offer it to the moonless child in the shelter.

DON GORDON.

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HOW TO COMBAT RACISM

Dorothy Canfield Fisher urges every individual to do his utmost toward lessening "the idiocies of inculcated racial preudices." . . . A New Masses symposium.

IT IS safe to assume, isn't it, that all moderately intelligent and informed people of moderate good will know that race prejudice is a conditioned reflex, not an innate basic biologic instinct. It would take too long to set down the many proofs of this. They are perfectly familiar to historians, explorers, ethnologists, anthropologists. As far as that goes, to ordinary persons with good sense who have ever watched the complete unconsciousness of racial differences in a nursery school where young children of different races play together.

Furthermore, it is fairly safe to assume, I think, that a large number of people nowadays, not especially learned, just reasonably well informed, know something about conditioned reflexes and how they are created. Pavlov's dog, whose mouth watered first when, accompanied by the ringing of a bell, meat was presented to him, and then by simple association of ideas, just at the sound of a ringing bell —that animal is familiar to ever so many of us. But familiar to millions more, are such homely conditioned reflexes as the one caused by a disagreeable aunt Gladys, who forever after left the name of Gladys —quite neutral in itself—so associated with scoldings that you hated the very sound of it. Or the pleasant one associated with the clink of ice in a glass which, whether you take a drink from that glass or not, makes you feel cooler by its association with agreeably cold drinks in the past.

We all know a good deal about how human beings are "conditioned" to like or dislike things, not because of anything in the nature of the things, but because of association of ideas connected with them. We understand in a rough-and-ready, folk way the mechanism of producing such associations and conditions. My contention is that thus to know about the mechanism of producing likes and dislikes, aversions, and attractions, puts upon us some—*much!*—responsibility for turning that knowledge upon ourselves, to uncondition ourselves, if we have fallen into harmful or shameful or dangerous reflexes.

There is no more harmful or shameful and dangerous conditioned reflex than that of racial prejudice; none which more poisonously limits, narrows, and embitters human life. It is shocking to submit to it passively. Not to combat it, *in our own personalities*, by such methods as are known to any modern mother who wants to uncondition a child of a conditioned reflex against getting bathed. If her baby has had some experience which has left

Dorothy Canfield Fisher. One of the most popular novelists in America, Miss Fisher is the author of more books than can be enumerated in this space. Among them was the anti-fascist "Seasoned Timber," published in the early part of 1939, which dealt with an unsuccessful attempt by anti-Semites to force their prejudices upon a college and town that cherished democratic traditions.

him with a panic fright at the sight of a bath-tub filled with nice soapy water, she does not resign herself to his living dirty the rest of his life, a slave to that chance conditioning. She simply starts in to provide another set of emotional associations which will cancel out those which have made him afraid of soap and water. We will be much dirtier than any unbathed child if we do not struggle to cleanse our minds of racial prejudices, not born with us, but carefully inculcated in us in our childhood, by our families, by the people living next door, by the children (who had acquired it in the same way) on the playground with us.

Other people—economists, social welfare workers, journalists, people in politics, publicists—sending in suggestions to the symposium of NEW MASSES, will lay all due stress, I know beforehand, on constructive proposals to combat the horrible threat to our country caused by racial prejudices. Bold, creative, devoted selfless work must be done along such lines. But from me, a mere novelist, perhaps the most useful suggestion will be to cry out that changes in law enforced from the outside, while necessary, will accomplish little if we—each individual one of us who has the sense he was born with—do not turn upon our own natures all that we can learn about how to lessen the idiocies of inculcated racial prejudices.

I was for some years president of the American Association for Adult Education, a fine, active, intelligent, and useful organization, much needed in a country where the formal classroom education of so many citizens ends in the early teens. But much as I admired the splendid citizens working to spread the gospel of lifelong intellectual activity, I could not but be amused by the way in which all of us who were engaged in running the Association were set upon bringing adult education into the lives of other people—not our own. Continued study in the years of maturity for wage earners, clubwomen, businessmen—yes. But somehow never for ourselves, the Officers of the Association for Adult Education.

A writer of fiction is, by definition, concerned primarily with individual human lives, rather than social, political, and legal measures. It seems fitting for me to speak up for the proposition that each one of us not only support, as a matter of course, all large scale efforts to combat race prejudice; but that we pledge ourselves to carry on, each within his own heart and mind, a steady, personal, reconditioning campaign. DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER.

Mrs. Fisher's article is part of a symposium "New Masses" is presenting on anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, and other forms of racial incitement. Articles in this symposium have already appeared by Louis E. Martin, editor of the "Michigan Chronicle," Earl Browder, and Marion Bachrach, executive secretary of the Council for Pan-American Democracy. The next article will be by Rep. Samuel Dickstein.

The editors of "New Masses" regard the rising tide of anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-foreign-born activity as a direct menace to the war effort. We are convinced that subversive fifth column groups are involved in this activity and are doing everything possible to exploit backward prejudices in the interest of the enemy. The Detroit outbreaks were only an explosive manifestation of a condition that is latent in many parts of the country. In an effort to combat these fifth columnists "New Masses" invites its readers to write us about the situation in their own communities. Let us know whether efforts are being made to stir up racial strife and who is behind those efforts. Let us know what the authorities are doing about it, if anything, and what the feelings of average people are. Please make your letters as factual as possible.—The Editors.

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UNDER COVER

SOMEWHERE in your town a man walks with Hitler. You may or may not spot him, for he doesn't wear his swastika on his sleeve: the rendezvous is secret and the blinds are drawn but he is there and sooner or later he'll be calling on you, I'm afraid. I pray he won't but unless you do something about it, and fast, he'll drop by. In Detroit his calling card was a revolver. In Washington he bowed himself in with something called the Smith-Connally act, which he beguiled a majority of our lawmakers into passing. I have just traveled with him through 544 pages of a book called *Under Cover* (E. P. Dutton and Co., $3.50) by a young man named John Roy Carlson, who, for *Fortune* magazine, sentenced himself to four years in America's political underworld. It was not a pleasant journey, traveling through that book, but I advise you to make it. It may save you trouble later. Mr. Carlson saw the American fascist in his lair: it was not a pretty sight.

It will pay you to look at the record, but don't shrug it off. Don't say "Crackpots." Mr. Carlson observes that they said that in Weimar Germany when Hitler was dashing about in his dirty trench-coat. I know that for many, perhaps most, Mr. Carlson's evidence will be met with a shrug of incredulity. It is hard to believe what you haven't witnessed, or felt in your own bones. It is hard for a white to know the heartbreak of a Negro whose sons are hunted like game in our fourth greatest city; none of us can envision the tragedy of the European Jew, two million of whom have already been slaughtered by Hitler. You cannot dream up the infinite pain the European feels watching his children waste into skeletons before him. But all that is far off and away? Don't be too sure.

MR. CARLSON tells you of men walking the streets of our country who plot these things for you and your children. Don't think they are visionary. You can't shrug away Beaumont and Chester, Los Angeles and Detroit. Mr. Carlson warns you not to let anybody sell you the bill of goods that the fifth column had nothing to do with these outbursts. I agree with him that it is high time we lose our fine objective calm and get mad. I've felt that for a long time, and tried to say it several weeks ago in these pages, discussing the Detroit insurrection. I want to say it again and again and again with other Americans who are saying it until we see our nation totally aware and acting upon the awareness. I don't think we see it yet.

Not, Mr. Carlson warns, while we allow such subversives as Lawrence Dennis at liberty to do his dirty work. Despite some arrests all too many still roam the country like mad dogs. Why, the writer asks, should Dennis be footloose "because he is a friend of important senators, representatives, businessmen, newspaper publishers?" And Mr. Carlson pertinently asks: "Why must America at war continue to be the victim of Goebbels' taunt: 'It will always remain the best joke made by the democratic system that it provided its deadly enemies with the means of destroying it.' "

The Goebbels' of America see the joke. Follow them through *Under Cover*—the Christian Fronters, the Klansmen, the Coughlinites, the Silver Shirters, the Bundists, the America Firsters, the high and the low. See how they fit in a pattern, observe them exchanging experiences, help each other grow, or hide, see how they established their unity against democracy. Mr. Carlson followed the swastika trail all the way up Park Avenue and into the Halls of Congress. Goosestepping through the book go Senators Walsh, Nye, Wheeler, Reynolds, and Congressmen Fish, Hoffman, Dies. Senator Walsh said to Carlson, then masquerading as the editor of a fascist sheet: "Don't you find that the more people you ask the more you hear that we should not have gone into this war. . . ." Walsh, chairman of the Senate Naval Affairs Committee! Nye: "I respect Lawrence [Dennis] very much. He is fine stuff. I see him frequently." You'll meet not only legislators (God save the mark) but respectable industrialists: James H. Rand, Jr., president of Remington-Rand, Lammot du Pont, J. H. Alstyne, president of the Otis Elevator Co.

FORTUNATELY for America, it is not too late. These are a minority—the Lammot du Pont capitalists total less than half of their class; the Coughlinites and the whole caboodle of fifth columnists are a minority throughout the country. But remember this: they turn out more than a hundred papers. They spread the hate-the-Jew, hate-the-Negro, hate-the-union, hate-the-President doctrine until a sizeable part of our people are infected. They get a big push from the big circulation of the Hearst-McCormick-Patterson press. Remember this: a recent private poll showed that two-thirds of our country had imbibed the anti-Semitic idea, that one-tenth of our country is actively disseminating it.

Year after year we of NEW MASSES have spotlighted their plottings. We began back in 1934 with John L. Spivak's trail-blazing series. Now let Mr. Carlson tell you:

"After four years in the Nazi underworld, I've summarized Hitler's program for the subversion of our democracy and the overthrow of our capitalist order." It includes—and he lists some dozen categories of which I repeat the most significant: "Anti-Semitism to serve as a social dissolvent; Red-baiting to serve as a screen for Nazi propaganda . . . the pitting of group against group, race against race, religion against religion to break down national unity . . the adulation of Hitler as the deliverer from, and of Nazism as the panacea for, the evils of Communism, Judaism, unemployment, the national debt and anything else you choose to name. . . ."

Do you recall Earl Browder's article in the July 6 issue of NEW MASSES? You found the same warning there. And Mr. Carlson is far from Mr. Browder. As a matter of fact he would do well to study the Communist program: he would learn, I am sure, how dead wrong he is when he touches on that subject.

SPACE does not permit a fuller discussion of this book. I am writing this to suggest that what Mr. Carlson saw become known to all democratic Americans. I know how right he is, for I have met these creatures before. I knew it several years ago when I interviewed a man called Killer Dean, trigger man of the Black Legion in Detroit. "I got my orders to shoot," he said, "and I shot. It was my duty." Recently I met the breed again in Congress when I heard a legislator say he didn't want his son in the army taking orders from any Ginsberg. I met the European prototypes of these gentry in a city called Madrid where they dropped bombs on the heads of babies 2,500 feet below. I saw the civil war there; and I saw how Hitler organized it. He got away with it there; he got away with it in France; and he hopes to get away with it here. His panzer divisions and his Luftwaffe won't save his skin; but anti-Semitism, anti-Negroism, anti-Communism might. That's what Mr. Carlson has to say.

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READERS' FORUM

Questions of Unity

The letters printed below were among the first to reach us after our invitation to participate in the discussion of the implications for American unity in the dissolution of the Comintern—a discussion which has aroused widespread interest among our readers, particularly after the exchange of letters between Max Lerner and A. B. Magil published in "New Masses" of July 13. While most of the letters received deal with the Lerner-Magil exchange, some pertain entirely to the Comintern dissolution. Other letters in this discussion will appear in forthcoming issues, and we again invite our readers to participate.—The Editors.

TO NEW MASSES: Max Lerner rejects quite a number of things, but what has he to offer instead? Progressives must follow a definite program. Has Mr. Lerner one, which he has submitted for the approval of the progressives?

Perhaps a great many of us are a little amazed at the tone of authority Mr. Lerner assumes. His statement: "The Communists in America today have no people of stature to whom the young can look up, whether in thought or in political action," is puzzling. Has he ever been at a great meeting of young people who stood for eight minutes applauding and whistling their heads off when Earl Browder made his appearance? The devotion of a Browder to the working class for so many years attests to his qualities of understanding; and his desirability as a continued leader of the progressive movement is further enhanced by his great popularity among the young, middle-aged, and old.

The young people of America, says Mr. Lerner, will not follow a movement whose moral genuineness they question. He happens to be right on that score. But he should understand that the reason the Young Communist League is one of the outstanding youth organizations today is that its members would not exchange it for any "rootless and feckless" movement that Mr. Lerner and his half-baked thinkers would set before them. After all, Marxism is a profound study and its exponents for many years, in every country, have been men who not only theorized but practiced progressive things for the good of their countries. The system of "Scientific Socialism" can always be improved, dialectical materialism leaves plenty of room for liberals to make their contributions to its enhancement. But why should we follow half-baked thinkers, when a tried and tested system has shown, by example, what it could accomplish in the first nation which seriously turned itself to its teachings? Naturally, those who long for a fuller and more dignified life will admire and look toward the first nation which practices scientific socialism.

It is possible that Mr. Lerner would see nothing wrong in following the leadership of a Soviet system which has its beginnings in England or France. Some of our liberals still cannot shake off the "foreign" label which has stigmatized Russia. One cannot be truly an internationalist who feels only his land must sprout the seeds of great beginnings. We must accept and use as our own all great beginnings, no matter what "foreign" label they may have. Max Lerner must begin to think in terms of "One World," one human family, the collective aspirations of mankind in all lands.

MIRIAM ROSE STERN.

New York.

TO NEW MASSES: Let me congratulate you on the most interesting discussion between Max Lerner and A. B. Magil. I found it exceptionally stimulating. I must say I was disappointed in Lerner's letter. He was simultaneously for unity and against. As a lawyer I know only too well some of the lawyer's tricks he used. And his arrogant, peevish tone didn't sit well with me. I read his articles on the Comintern dissolution in both *PM* and the *New Republic*. I was therefore surprised when he accused Magil of having "tried to torture and confine my meaning by imputing to me a thesis I never held—that the Comintern and the Communist Parties were from the start *only* instruments of the Soviet Union." If Lerner intended to convey a different thesis to his readers, he managed to keep his intentions to himself.

H.R.H.

Boston, Mass.

TO NEW MASSES: The people of Kent, O.—and, I fear of many such towns—let pass unnoticed the proposal to dissolve the Communist International, as reported to the American press on May 22. If that momentous act left any impress on some people's consciousness, their cursory interest was colored with obdurate skepticism. If only they knew how fortunate they are to be living participants in a progressive movement—if they only knew! But perhaps they'd prefer to read about it in the history books that their children will bring home a decade from now, and to wonder then where they were when all this happened.

However, instead of censuring these people let us try to trace the factors that left them unconscious of current history.

I'll speak only of Ohio, although I suspect that the same conditions prevail to greater or lesser degree in the other forty-seven states. In Bruce Minton's excellent study of "The New Ohio Gang," which appeared in NEW MASSES last February, the writer showed the long-forthcoming handwriting on the wall, the warning to the nation that in Ohio, and particularly in the person of Sen. Robert Taft, is centered "the most reactionary, the most predatory political coalition in the country," whose "decided ambition is to take over the federal government." The Minton article mentioned the Hulburt-Taft brand of venal journalism, though he said nothing about the press of northeastern Ohio which draws its reputation from the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* and the Akron *Beacon Journal* and its inspiration from the Coughlin-McCormick-Goebbels axis.

In Kent, the staple newspaper diet is (1) the Akron *Beacon Journal*, (2) the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, (3) the local paper, which is insignificant. The *Beacon Journal*, published fifteen miles from here, is, to Kent citizens at least, the most important and most influential paper in Ohio. The little man in Akron is let down while inflation is left to spiral upward, the Russian bogey is played up, most vividly by Pegler and in Malcolm Bingay's editorials, and the people of Kent are subjected to the William Henry Chamberlain - Eugene Lyons - George S. Counts virus.

When, on May 22, the headline appeared: "COMINTERN IS DISSOLVED" I asked around town for comments, and what did I get? Only the speculation that "maybe those dirty Reds will know now that they can't spread their damn Communism around here and overthrow our government."

If, then, the people are oblivious of so much; if they've missed the whole point of Communism, then try to picture the insouciance with which they shrug off the truth that readers of the progressive press try to impart to them. A liberal here lives in a lost world. Even the university professors, under whom I'd studied not two years ago, are no longer recognizable. One of them had "broken down" and bought the "miniature masterpiece on Soviet-American relations," the Counts-Childs phantasmagoria, *America, Russia, and the Communist Party*. He thought he was doing himself a great service by equipping himself with the "facts." If he had read A. Landy's review of that book in NEW MASSES I venture to say he'd go to the bookstore and demand his money back on the grounds that he'd purchased an article sold to him under false misrepresentation. But, then, NEW MASSES is taboo in town and in the university.

Do these people not know, do they not feel, are they not warmed in the glowing heat of democratic *vis-a-vis* out of which there has at last been forged a two-sabred weapon for immediate use: for one, to shatter the "Red bogey," and for the other, to weld two great democracies as one? Do they not know, as Samuel Sillen does so well, that the great cultural tie which binds our people to the Russians is the unyielding love and affinity for a great democratic tradition?

And when it is proved that this war is the spade-work in the making of this century, the century of the common man, then will these people—all people—see through the mist that evil newspapers have carefully sprayed around. Yes—they will see that the war is being fought for their benefit, that the peace will bring all little people together, and the dignity of man will be permanently restored. And when that time comes, surely the truth will prevail where confusion and distortion once reigned. And millions of Americans will wish that they too had muzzled the mad dogs that roamed this country in 1943.

N. G.

Kent, O.

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"WRITE ABOUT HUMAN BEINGS"

Mao Tun, one of China's leading writers, offers some advice and a number of provocative ideas concerning wartime literature. The importance of the individual and of reality in epic description.

We believe that the central ideas in Mao Tun's essay have an urgent bearing on the problems of American writing today. In the interest of furthering a discussion of these problems, we are asking a number of prominent writers to comment on the issues raised by Mao Tun. The replies will be published in forthcoming issues.

Mao Tun has long been a leader among the modern Chinese writers. He is the author of a fictional trilogy—"Pursuit," "Wavering," and "Disillusionment"—dealing with intellectuals and the political life of China. After the Japanese invasion of Shanghai in 1932 he published his two most distinguished novels, "Spring Silkworms" and "Twilight." After the outbreak of the present war, he joined with Lu Hsuh in calling for the unification of all writers for the defense of the country, and he was instrumental in the formation of the Federation of Chinese Writers in Hankow, in 1938. He has in the past several years served as editor of the literary fortnightly "On the Literary Front," and as Dean of the University of Sinkiang in Tifa.

The present essay is by no means dated, even though it was written in an earlier stage of the war. It is reprinted from "Chinese Writers Monthly," published by the Federation of Chinese Writers in Chungking.

A YOUNG friend of mine once asked me, "Today our life is so full and rich that it is almost impossible to choose which things to describe. What should we write about?"

"Write about human beings," I replied.

But this simple answer did not satisfy him. "Our national life today is filled with great and heroic events," he said. "To write adequately of this period we must describe the great developments that lead to these. Human beings are one of the factors involved for they are impelled forward by forces greater than themselves. But the problem that still puzzles me is what it is, in these many, varied events, made up of infinite parts, that can be said to be the nucleus. This is what I mean when I say, 'What shall we write about?'"

"Still, we have to write about human beings," I replied. "Though humans march forward with time, they are by no means passive to forces. They also push on and stride at the side of progress. Indeed, it is true that human activities are limited by environment, yet by the effort of many individual humans, surroundings can be changed. Human beings *are* the major characters on the stage of time, and description of their struggles in any period reflects the essentials of that period. In fact the fundamental spirit of any period can only be caught through writing of the activities of the many kinds of people who lived it."

But he was still unconvinced, and to illustrate his point he went on to say: "The fight of the Doomed Battalion in Shanghai is one of the heroic episodes of our time which you must admit merits description. But the question is this: is it not more important to emphasize the influence of this event on the whole of the war of resistance and to learn the experience and lessons therefrom, than to describe the individual brave deeds of Battalion Commander Yang, Deputy Regiment Commander Tze and the members of the battalion? Many things have been written about the Doomed Battalion, but none of them is a complete success. This, I think, is because they are descriptions of human beings. Granted that people can be described satisfactorily, the only valid reason for such a work would be to reward and praise the patriotic, stir up the morale of the soldiers, and arouse the spirit of the people; while the significance of the story and its relation to the war as a whole would be obscured. Consequently there is a real problem as to whether to describe humans or events. I think that emphasis must be laid on the narration of events, while people, like other subject matter, are indispensable to the story."

"Well then, how would you treat the subject of the Doomed Battalion? How would you interpret its relation to the whole war?"

Thus we talked, until finally my friend began to laugh. He had to admit that he himself had not been able to justify his interpretation, and because he had failed to do so he was puzzled to know what the nucleus or fundamental element might be. And because he doubted he asked again, "What shall we write about after all?"

"As to the Doomed Battalion, like you I cannot find any very deep meaning. This is not a very representative event, and upon examination it has not been found to be very significant. But as to your question: 'What is the nucleus?' I believe I have some kind of an answer. The rallying of the whole nation to support the cause of resistance and national reconstruction is the thing we should write about. Moreover,

Courtesy Museum of Modern Art

"The Battle Rages." A woodcut by Lin Te Hua.

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this must be regarded as the fundamental core of the multiple phenomena of our time. But this can still be expressed and reflected through the narration of human activities."

THIS discussion took place only a few months ago. We had talked glibly without carefully examining the question in the light of the war literature being written and published. From time to time since then I have puzled over the problem and have gradually found an explanation. In the first six months of the war—this is but a very rough and arbitrary division—most literature took for its theme the great and heroic events of the period. The writers pictured the bravery, determination, intelligence, and hope of the Chinese people, their decision to sacrifice, and confidence of final victory. Attempts of this kind, lacking deep thought and experience, are one phase of our writing—a phase with overemphasis on the description of events to the neglect of human nature. It is true that we must first have a structure into which the persons of the story may be fitted; but the bravery, determination, intelligence, conviction, and hope of the Chinese people must be expressed in the characters.

The faults of "glib approximation," superficiality, and inability to create characters, which have frequently been censured by the critics, are mainly due to this putting of the cart before the horse. When writing, people should come first but characters can only be created as a result of wide experience and keen observation of life. When the people of the story are well conceived and have taken shape in the mind of the writer, the skeleton of the story may then be formed. Even granting that a historical event is the main theme of a story, human beings can scarcely be dispensed with. The characters need not be the persons who actually took part in the episode. In describing the Doomed Battalion's stand, it is not absolutely necessary that the very soldiers who defended the warehouse be described, for other characters can be created. On the other hand, to write about the Doomed Battalion one must have observed the known soldiers and there must be a vivid conception of at least a few individual soldiers in the mind of the writer. This is axiomatic. Writers do not usually fail to understand such a simple and commonplace requirement as this, but swayed by the spirit of resistance and inspired by heroic events, writers anxious to produce great epics on the national struggle have been apt to neglect this simple principle.

This is my opinion of the war literature of the first period. Very little really good work was produced in this period, not so much because of the inability of the writers to explore life deeply, as on account of the current vogue for portraying the lofty and the grand. For, while all the writers may not have had experience at the front, yet they have had other experiences sufficiently valid for their needs. Unfortunately, in the feverish atmosphere of the war, this latter group may not do any writing, feeling they lack the essentials. There has, therefore, not been any good writing on the great events, and there has even been a monotony and sterility of theme.

THE second half year was marked by a change in emphasis from events to men. From time to time the critics have reminded us to create real and living characters. China in the war will never lack new patterns, for the people are finding new leaders all the time and the personalities of the soldiers today are entirely different from those of the past; while the people are gradually taking on their shoulders the tremendous tasks of the war. (Wataru Kaji, "The Question of Art and Propaganda," *Wartime Literature*, No. 6, official organ of the Federation of Chinese Writers.)

On the other hand "there are the swindlers of the people—the wartime bureaucrats, the new profiteers, and the new pseudo-propagandists." ((Mao Tun, "The Strengthening of Criticism," *Literature and the War of Resistance*, No. 13.) In China, with her vast territory and abundant resources, there are many wonders. This big man China has manifested unlimited potentialities under the high pressure of the war; but at the same time his numerous chronic maladies have been temporarily revived. The veteran physician will consider such a condition healthful for he can better diagnose and prescribe treatment for his patient; but the quack will be seized with consternation or pretend to be wise by ignoring all the symptoms of chronic disease. The struggle of the Chinese people is being fought on three fronts; resisting aggression, winning backward elements over to the camp of resistance, and drastically annihilating all that is bad and

Flamingo

Flamingo is a dancer—and many a gringo,
From Panama to drowsy San Domingo,
Has seen her, in cantinas, hot as Mohave,
Dancing like a flame . . . but to their lingo,
Especially when it would get too frisky,
She had a way of saying just "no savvy!"
And leaving them to dreams and too much whisky.

Flamingo danced—and she was paid to please them;
Flamingo's eyes said she was there to tease them!
And she was something dreams had found once more.
She was there to hear hands clap—but not to squeeze them,
And questions that men asked she could not answer
But she would smile and say, "No savvy, senor!"—
And they would keep on thinking of that dancer!

A stranger hung around in Puerto Bello,
And he pretended he was quite a fellow.
He bought champagne—but had no work to do there,
And one night he became distinctly mellow
And told Flamingo something of his spying
For Nazi subs—demanding that she, too, share
His wealth . . . "No savvy," said Flamingo, sighing.

Flamingo did not say where she was going
That night, her black hair in the sea wind blowing—
But, somehow, no one saw the stranger after
That night, and someone with a way of knowing
Told that Flamingo's man had been a sailor
Lost with a ship, and for a time her laughter
Had sounded hollow and her cheeks were paler.

Flamingo is a dancer . . . and her lingo
Is soft as tropic breezes—and a gringo
Remembers that she said, when he had told her
Subs sank from Panama to San Domingo,
With her eyes hot as sands on far Mohave,
With lips tight as if someone tried to hold her,
"O Blessed Mother!" . . . Then she said, "No savvy!"

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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corrupt. The fervor of resistance has stimulated the vital cells of the big man so that he is growing stronger and stronger and better able to carry on his three-fold struggle. Final victory will be assured only when the struggle is carried on in these three directions at the same time. This is the fundamental of our time and also the "reality," which must be grasped by our writers.

IN ADDITION to inspiring the people to fight the aggressor, it is essential that the writers of today help to expose the traitors, greedy swindlers, selfish monopolists, and conspiring political opportunists. We must describe representative people of this new period against the background of the old generation in their death struggle. There are those who think that description of the corruption of the landlords, gentry, and intellectuals who monopolize activities without working can only create general discouragement; but such anxiety is ill-founded. The sincere indignation which corruption has caused and its exposure by our writers has met with a positive response throughout the past twenty years!

During the last six months wartime literature in China has developed in this new direction. New characters have appeared. "Mr. Hua Wei" is one of the dregs of the feudal order. (Chang Tin-yi, "Mr. Hua Wei," *On the Literary Front*, No. 1.) "Chabancheh Mackay" is a very representative task-assuming peasant of our time. (Yao Shueh-yin "Chabancheh Mackay," *On the Literary Front*, No. 3.) In "Northern Steppes," by Pi Yeh, we hear the self-confident and victorious laughter of young fighters in the face of bitter struggle. We meet two new characters: Black Tiger, a guerrilla fighter of humble birth, and Little Kwei, a ten-year-old peasant orphan. In the collectively written play *Sudden Onset* we see how cheerfully the Woman Wearing a Red Flower joins the new struggle as though she were attending a great banquet; and how Uncle Tan, the rich peasant, and Mr. Tung, the chief of the village council, though they are still imbued with the spirit of the old generation, become eager for revenge and struggle! Then there is Little Tu, who sheds his blood for his country and is an example of the new warriors that are developing under fire. (Lo Pin-ki, "One Week and One Day," published in *One Day in Greater Shanghai*, a collection of short stories by Mao Tun.)

Some people say that these characters are not lofty or imposing heroes, but only incomplete and rough sketches. Yet it can scarcely be denied that a number of new representative types have been described by our writers. The seed has now been sown and one day we will reap a great harvest.

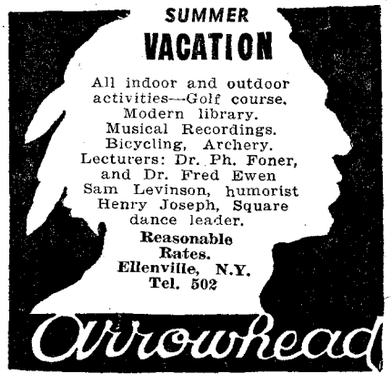
The appearance of "Mr. Hua Wei" has not only aroused general interest but it has also impelled our young writers to study and investigate the ugliness that is sometimes hidden beneath a dazzling exterior. This also is a new development of the past six months.

Some critics have said that this is a sign and expression of pessimism, but I believe that it is just the reverse. It indicates how deeply writers are beginning to observe the life about them. In the first period of the war of resistance, it was expected that two camps would be formed. Those opposed to aggression were expected to champion resistance, while the others—the black sheep—would keep themselves aloof from the war. This mistaken idea has been corrected in what is being written. Authors who are merely engrossed in superficialities can never see all the ugliness behind the shield of resistance. This "deep analysis of the nucleus of life" has many phases; but unearthing cancers concealed beneath rugged, healthy exteriors, is one. There are still some writers eager to ignore facts, but there are also those who are courageous and unafraid.

It has been said that "Reality has its bright as well as its dark side; but for the bright side there is a future which is denied to the dark and ugly. Wartime literature should try and find that which has a future. When one side of the balance is tilted up, the other is low. So it is with reality—emphasis on the bright and good will serve to eradicate the ugly and evil. Consequently it is not necessary to show up evil and ugliness."

ON THE surface such an argument may seem attractive; but in reality it ignores the significance of literature. It neglects the invincible truth that literature perennially holds for struggle. The educational function of literature is not only to point out what is living and growing, but also what is dying. Moreover, in reality, it is necessary to clear away that which has no future, for it will never disappear by itself. As long as ugliness and evil exist, struggles will continue; while literature should reflect struggle and help to carry it forward.

Actually, however, there is little Chinese writing that exposes ugliness and evil; not more than one or two percent of the whole. People frequently say that most of our writers know only the lives of intellectuals; and it is true that there has not been much description of the new weaknesses which have beset our writers. Consequently we have not yet discharged our educational responsibility in this respect. Nowadays there are "intellectuals in favor of the war of resistance" whose primary function is to hold meetings and to talk. . . . They have never actually done any work themselves, but always direct others; and whenever they are dissatisfied with the results they tightly knit their brows and cry out, "Again you are wrong. Again you are wrong." They seem to be weary of staying in the rear and dream of going to the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front; but they neither go to the front nor perform their work in the rear with enthusiasm. (Lin Lin, "Wartime Oblomove," *The National Salvation Daily News* [*Chiu Wang Jih Pao*], Aug. 9, 1938.) Should not such men be exposed so that the people can protect themselves against them? A good deal has been written condemning traitors and political opportunists, but no graphic account has been given of their "theories" and activities so that the people can arm themselves with a clear and vivid picture which will enable them to spot the traitors in their community. There have been many works describing traitors. But these people are of many types. They wear many different masks in the camp of resistance in order to carry on their nefarious activities, and not all of these types have been portrayed by us to enable people better to recognize their internal enemies. In a word, we need to speed up our work of exposure.

THOSE who are opposed to the showing up of corruption and evil have another deceptive argument. For instance, after the publication of "Mr. Hua Wei," some readers, who lacked clear understanding, at once began to call all enthusiastic workers "Mr. Hua Wei." It is the very people who are unwilling to admit corruption and evil who criticize "Mr. Hua Wei" as being too cartoon-like, too superficial in psychological analysis, and as "doing more harm than good" to those who read about him. These people then say that corruption and evil are too difficult to describe and in the hands of young writers become something with a pessimistic function only. No doubt there are many features of "Mr. Hua Wei" that deserve criticism, which means that the type still needs developing; but this should not be used as an excuse for opposing the exposure of ugliness and evil. "Mr. Hua Wei" is not dead and his face will be more clearly shown in our work. But, if the wishes of those who do not like to see corruption and evil exposed are followed and exposures of "Mr. Hua Weis" are stopped midway, then, I think, our wartime literature will suffer a great loss.

During the last six months progress has also been made in another direction. The writers themselves have begun systematically and discriminatingly to describe the most typical great and heroic incidents. The finest illustration is the collectively written three act play called *Taierhchuang*.

In the past we have had had a good deal of writing about the Doomed Battalion and also the one act play *Battle of the Fortified City*. The difference between these works and *Taierhchuang* lies in the fact that the former, though they have as a criterion the expression of the moral significance of the incident, stress the externals of bloody battle in the hope of grasping the nucleus by giving us stirring scenes with big guns and many fusillades.

By avoiding the methods of historical plays, *Taierhchuang* presents a story, fictitious yet true to the essential facts, which embodies the most vital meaning of the episode by showing the cooperation between the people and the soldiers behind the firing lines. Adoption of this method has led to much progress in our writing. The writers of *Taierhchuang* did not confine their vision to the bloody clash for a village or a trench; they interpreted the meaning of the great victory of Taierhchuang by linking up the military operations with the political work among the people in the war district of Hsuchow before the battle and with the aggravation of the internal difficulties in the enemy's country.

Naturally, all these heroic incidents, which range from a battle to the courageous death of a single soldier, are invaluable material for writers; but not every such event could be similarly employed as a single pattern theme. We will better realize this as we compare the Battle of Taierhchuang with the desperate defense of the "warehouse of the four banks" by the valiant Doomed Battalion. The fight of the Doomed Battalion is worth narrating, but as a "representative" event in relation to the war as a whole it can scarcely compare with the Battle of Taierhchuang. In a story on the Doomed Battalion the emphasis is best laid on the courage of an individual soldier, who despite imminent death knows only resolve to fulfill his task and mission.

The highest end in creation is the description of representative characters in representative events. But if we are to make a narrative from a typical episode only, then we must observe penetratingly and analyze accurately. The play *Taierhchuang* sets out to describe the event rather than the characters. Considered on these grounds, it has not failed in its purpose.

But the "representative event" is by no means confined to battles or the deeds of soldiers on the scene of battle. In the rear as well as at the front there are numerous "pattern events." For instance, the three-act play *Kawada Ichiro* by Ting Ling, which is based on the theme of educating captives, and *The Two Captives* by Tien Shü belong to this category.

IT is, of course, difficult to describe typical characters, while narrating of representative events is by no means easy. New ground has been covered and our writers are forging ahead. The broad highway is before us and we will soon succeed if we cling to our principle of "describing representative characters in representative events." But, naturally, the problems to be solved and the difficulties and shortcomings to be surmounted are still numerous. We have seen where the difficulty lies, and I need say no more.

MAO TUN.

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Diseases of Poverty

TRAIL TO LIGHT, *by R. P. Parsons. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.*

"IF YOU should transverse the hills of Brianza and Canavese, you would most likely meet some pitiable wrecks of humanity, with eyes fixed and glassy, with pale and sallow faces and arms fissured and scarred as by a burn or large wound. You would see them advancing with trembling head and staggering gait . . . now falling on one side, now getting up . . . now again falling, uttering a senseless laugh or sob, which pierces the heart—such are the pellagrins." Thus wrote the Italian savant Lombroso in 1892. And this was the picture of our rural South of 1900-15. The plague of the sore mouth and the flaming skin, called *mal de la rosa* on the European continent, took an annual toll of 4,000 and created 100,000 pellagrins in four of our southern states. Since the eighteenth century the ordinary family practitioner of both continents had one answer to the problem, "Feed a pellagrin and he'll do well." But this was the beginning of the scientific age and the pendulum of science had swung toward king microscope. The gods were Pasteur and Koch and the only true scientists shot stuff into rabbits or guinea pigs, isolated the microbes under the microscope, and discovered a method for killing them. Pellagra in 1900-15 among the learned men of medicine was "a disease due to infection with living micro-organisms of unknown nature."

Robert Parsons has retold the De Kruif tale of the "soft-spoken desperado," Dr. Joseph Goldberger, the scientist who proved that "the problem of pellagra is in the main a problem of poverty." This East Side genius cured pellagra by proper diets. The skeptics wanted more definite evidence. Dr. and Mrs. Goldberger and fourteen other men gave it to them in the so-called "filth parties." The author has spared none of the sordid details—the stools, the scales, and urine of the afflicted were mixed with dough and eaten by the volunteers. Blood of the pellagrins was injected into the bodies of these "fifteen men and a housewife" as Goldberger's official reports refer to the case, in order to prove that the disease was not caused by germs, but due only to a deficiency in protein diet. Like the Negro genius, George Washington Carver, Dr. Goldberger felt that his work would mean little unless it was brought home to the poor of the South. He traveled extensively through the red clay of the Carolinas and the cotton fields of the southern states, bringing the message of a proper balanced diet to avoid pellagra. His great contribution of P-P (pellagra preventive) led to the discovery and isolation of Vitamin G, named in his honor. The army has incorporated these dietary studies into their rations and we may rest assured that none of our soldiers will be brought down by the "red plague."

But this biography is more than a twice-told tale. There are excellent chapters on other wound stripes suffered by Goldberger as a representative of the US Public Health Service. The good doctor almost took the count in his study and contraction of yellow fever. His paper of 1907, "The Etiology, Symptoms, and Diagnosis of Yellow Fever," remains a classic to this day. He contracted breakbone fever or dengue in Texas and made notes on his symptoms and reactions while lying in bed. His fine study of typhus emphasizes the conclusion that "fundamentally sanitation and health are economic problems and in proportion as the economic condition of the masses has improved, this notorious filth disease has decreased or disappeared. In localities where it still prevails its further reduction waits on a further improvement in, or an extension of, the improved economic status of those affected."

Much of Dr. Parsons' book is not pleasant reading. It will take you into an atmosphere of iodoform, gangrene, phenol, pus, and many malodorous smells. The sweat, blood, and tears of the working medico are in this book. You will find a real scientist, a social scientist, who despite his myopia on "cultural" problems knew that only "the improvement in basic economic conditions can be expected to heal the festering ulcers of our people."

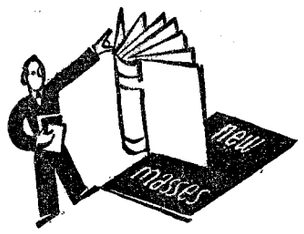
JAMES KNIGHT.

A Symbol and a Power

THE FIGHTING FRENCH, *by Raoul Aglion. Holt. $3.*

FIRST reviews of this book commented on the irony of the fact that the first real description of the Fighting French movement should appear at a moment when the French Committee of National Liberation has been formed, and de Gaulle's organization is thereby superseded. But in reality, Raoul Aglion chose a dramatic moment for his story. The spirit of the Fighting French is still very much needed in Algiers; the fight for unity on the basis of an anti-Vichy program has been transferred to a higher plane but it still goes on.

Many parts of the volume are now of purely academic interest, especially the short history of the Fighting French, their organization and administration, the sequence of their growth in the French empire, as seen by one who was for two years in de Gaulle's diplomatic services. Another passage of the book has its academic interest in a different sense; it gives a detailed study of just how the capitulation of June 1940 was engineered, the way the leading personalities played their role, the shrewd Weygand, the doddering Petain, the crafty Laval, and, interwoven, the ef-



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forts of de Gaulle and others to avert the catastrophe.

But what stands out in the volume is the personal testimony of one man, evidence of the powerful grip that the Fighting French have on millions. Aglion was in Quantara, a little town in Egypt, when the betrayal came. He could not believe it, nor could he believe at first the garbled radio transcription of the speech by an obscure general urging resistance. Dazed but unable to accept the betrayal, he made his way instinctively to London; from all parts of the world others did likewise. And there was de Gaulle uttering the fantastic thought that the war was not over, that it was a world war and would be decided by much stronger forces than France. The will to resist, the unthinkability of a Nazified France is what carried these people forward. Within a few months they were a movement; within a year a symbol; within two years a power.

There is a great deal about France which is missing from this book; it is after all the experience of a man in exile, away from the homeland when the war came. There is little here on the French working class and its Communist sector. But what there is here gives a glimpse of the power that is de Gaullism, something bigger than its leader or any of its individual members.

JOSEPH STAROBIN.

Brief Reviews

BEHIND THE SULFA DRUGS, *by Dr. Iago Goldston. Appleton-Century. $2.00.*

PAUL EHRLICH is called the father of chemotherapy, the science of "the destruction of the specific disease-producing living agents within the body of the diseased being." Dr. Iago Goldston has written a short history of the "grandfathers" of this science. He presents the perspiration and inspiration of the 400 years that preceded the discovery of the sulfa drugs.

The efforts of these "grandfathers" were ridiculed and they had to wage a constant struggle against the conservatives and tories. The author has written simply, but has not sacrificed or enlarged on the scientific truths. We see the fifteenth century Paracleus overthrowing the Galenic tradition in medicine and introducing the use of mercury, sulphur, antimony, and arsenic compounds. Here is the learned founder of the Royal Society and "skyptical chymist," Robert Boyle calling for the development of "specifick medicines." We perfect techniques of tissue and bacterial staining with the unsung hero of 1871, Carl Weigert, which lead to the development of a successful diptheria anti-toxin by Von Behring. We sterilize instruments in carbolic lotion with Joseph Lister and bend over the diseased wine barrels with Louis Pasteur. All the trials and disappointments of Ehrlich are ours, and ours is the triumph

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of the discovery of the "magic bullet," salvarsan.

Paul Ehrlich's experiments with 606 had laid a basis for a theoretical understanding of chemotherapy. However, the failures of other chemical compounds in the period 1914-35 had cast doubt and skepticism on his ideas and contributions to medicine. The amazing triumphs of the sulfa quintet in the present period have reeestablished his fame, and the medical world is now engaged in a feverish search for new specifics.

THE ARABS: A Short History for Americans, *by Philip K. Hitti. Princeton University Press. $2.*

THE Moslem world, with the exception of the Soviet central Asian republics, is not taking a direct part in the war, but the war impinges upon it at every point, and the Moslem peoples can not but be affected by its outcome. This book does not discuss present day questions at all. But it may provide a prologue to these questions since it is an excellent brief review of the world which the Arabs created, which flourished as an advance outpost of civilization in medieval times, decayed suddenly, and arises again as a new problem of our times.

It is an amazing story. The Arab came up as a nomad out of central Arabia and his mark is felt in all the early civilizations. But suddenly in the seventh century after Christ, Mohammed unites the Arab tribes and within seventy-five years has shaken the Byzantine empire to its foundations and established a new power from Algeria clear across the Mediterranean to the plateaus of Persia and the gates of Constantinople. Particularly amazing is the impact of Islam on Sicily and Spain, the extraordinary cultural achievements of the Arabic world in the five centuries that are known to us as the "Dark Ages." And then the sudden disintegration under the impact of the Mongols and Turks in the Near East and the Crusades of Christian Europe from the west.

This is a condensation of a larger work. It is by no means a comprehensive history and the reader will naturally ask for much more on the sociological aspects of the Arab world; too much in fact is devoted to military and dynastic detail. But what stands out is the remarkable flowering of Arab culture, literature, and architecture, and the book is worth reading for that alone.

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THE EQUIVOCAL BELL

Truth and falsehood struggle for control over the film version of Hemingway's novel about Spain. Some remarkably fine acting. Reviewed by Joy Davidman.

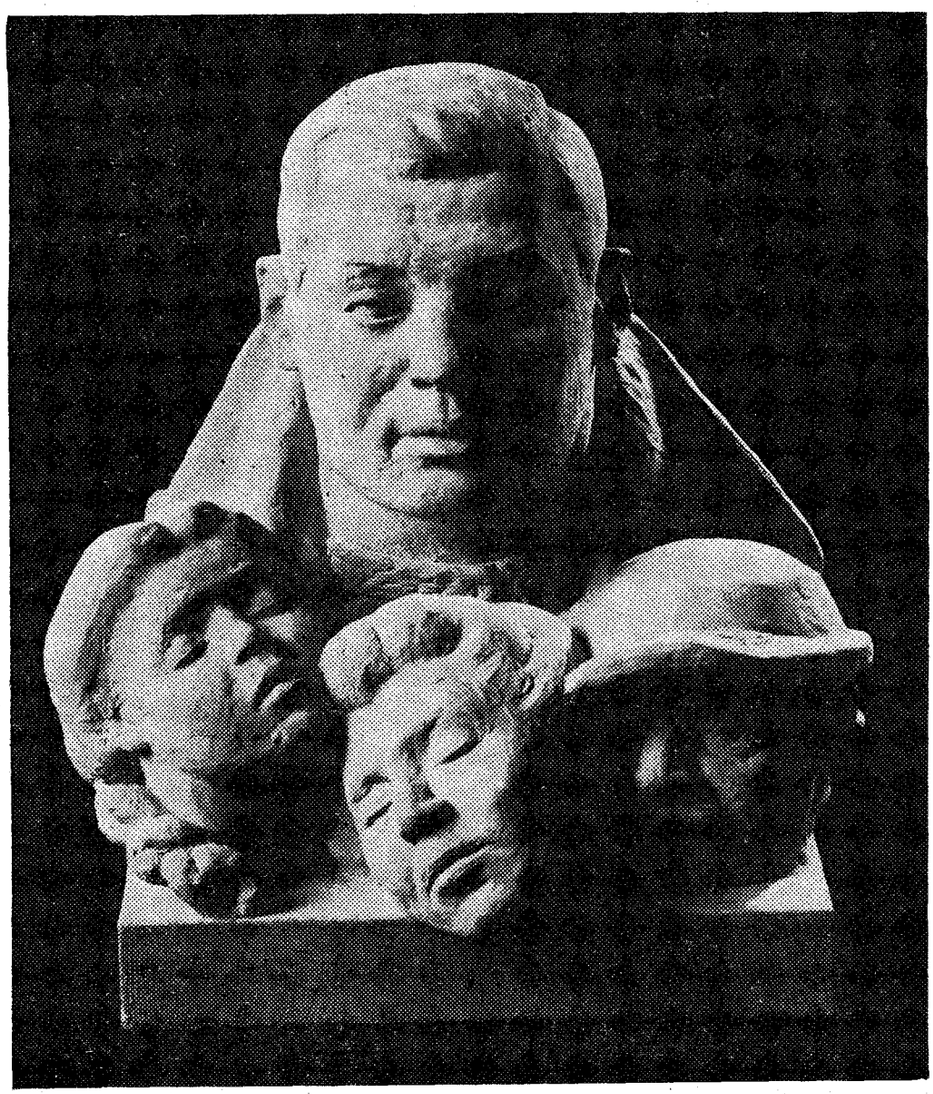
THERE is likely to be a sizzling crossfire of controversy over *For Whom The Bell Tolls*. Its sins of omission and commission—half-truths, evasions, and confusions of the issue—are black enough to damn three ordinary films. But *For Whom The Bell Tolls* is no ordinary film. Artistically, it is for the most part a beautiful thing. And its emotional understanding of the war in Spain transcends its factual inaccuracy. Here is one of the most tragic and heroic subjects of our time, presented with considerable sympathy; and when you have subtracted all of its sins you find that there is still some virtue left in it.

How much? That's where the controversy comes in. The lies in this picture are fairly explicit. You can put your finger on them; here, and here, history is falsified. The evasions are similarly glaring. So much that ought to have been said—even the name Franco, even the word fascism—has been shirked. The truth, on the other hand, is only occasionally stated in so many words; for the most part, it is intangible and indirect. You see an American and some Spaniards—decent people, with whom you identify yourself. You watch them fighting the German and Italian panzer divisions. You hear them speak of the republic, and see them die for it. Emotionally, you are part of their struggle.

For some people, the film's inaccuracies will completely destroy its emotional effect. But others, and this reviewer among them, will feel that *For Whom the Bell Tolls* is, after all, the story of men and women who fought for freedom against an unmistakably fascist enemy. It is impossible to see this film without recognizing that the struggle of Spain's people against German and Italian invaders is the same struggle we are all engaged in now. And to recognize that is to know the basic truth of this war.

It cannot be denied that the film started with three strikes called against it. Strike One, Hemingway's misconception of the Spanish struggle. Strike Two, the sentimental-sensual lushness of the love story. Strike Three, the tedious and incongruous use of Jordan as a mere vehicle for Hemingway's own conflicts. Dudley Nichols has made a screen play that takes some of the strikes off; and that is a remarkable achievement, when you consider that he was limited not only by Hemingway's distorted conception but by our State Department's insistence on appeasing Franco.

There remain, however, many things which neither Hemingway nor Nichols has made clear. The report that the film holds "nothing Franco could object to" is far from the truth; but concessions have been made, to the extent of eliminating the word fascist and mentioning Franco's party only as "Nationalists." These "Nationalists" are too sharply characterized to fool any movie-goer about their identity; but the actual issues of the war are left to our intuition. How did the war start? What was the history of the Spanish republic? Why did Germany and Italy take a hand? Who was on each side, and what were they fighting for? *For Whom the Bell Tolls* gives only the vaguest answers. And many of its points are open to double interpretation. You are shown two Russians; you may conclude correctly that a



"Tribute to Stalingrad," by Hannah Pendrell of Philadelphia. The sculpture was presented to the Russian Embassy for the City of Stalingrad at the June 22 Tribute to Russia Rally held in Convention Hall, Philadelphia.

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few Russian volunteers came to help like the American volunteers, or you may infer wrongly that Russia had an army in Spain. Indeed, at one point Jordan remarks that Germany and Italy are on one side, Russia on the other, and the Spanish people in the middle. It is true that he immediately qualifies that outrageous statement, declaring that the Spanish people, with American volunteers like himself, are fighting for democracy, and that the Axis is anti-democratic as well as anti-Communist. But the inconsistency breeds confusion.

Similarly with the book's despicable attack on Andre Marty, which has been changed but hardly clarified. In the film we have merely a minor incident; an officious commissar (not named Marty) delays Jordan's message to his general. Later a quiet man walks in, rebukes the commissar stingingly, sets everything right, and announces, "I come from Stalin." A praiseworthy attempt, no doubt, to show that all the republic's officials were not bunglers. But a remark like that, flung at you out of the blue, is bewildering. Are you supposed to assume that Stalin is personally directing the war?

So much for the omissions and the confusions. There is something far worse. The book flashed back to a lynching of local fascists by the guerrilla leader Pablo; the film has kept that flashback, although it is an artistic offense against the story's otherwise unbroken continuity. You *hear* about fascist atrocities, but you really *see* the fascists themselves killed. The episode has been straightened out a little; it is now Pablo's personal guilt, deplored by the honest republicans. But there is no attempt to give it a background, to explain the crimes committed by fascists and Guardia Civil against the people who finally destroyed them; merely the inference that a republican leader could indulge in an unprovoked lynching. This is sabotage not only of history but of the film's own clarity and purpose; the one really unforgivable thing in the screen version of *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

All these things, however, do not prevent the basic anti-fascism of the film from emerging. You learn it partly from words—from the guerrilleros who consent to risk everything for the republic; from the girl Maria as she tells how fascists murdered her mother and father, raped and mutilated her, and slaughtered all the town's union members; above all, you learn it from Robert Jordan. He tells why he has come to Spain; because he is an American, and an attack on democracy anywhere in the world is an attack on him, and the Germans and Italians who are trying to murder the Spanish republic will go on if they can to murder all republics. Here, at any rate, there is no lack of clarity.

And the story carries the lesson of anti-fascism; and the characters carry it. Jordan, the American idealist; Maria, the tortured, lovely child; Pilar, a heroic woman who might well symbolize Spain itself; Rafael, the merry gypsy; Anselmo, the gentle and courageous old man.

They are surrounded by mechanized fascist armies; Nazi tanks rumble through their mountains, Nazi planes bomb them off their hilltops. They have a little, precarious island of safety, a few acres of their own country left them to hide in. And the guerrilleros give up even that to blow up a bridge, so that the republic can open its offensive. When you look at them, and share emotionally in their struggle, you know them for your people and you know their enemies for yours.

The film has contributed much to the character portraits. Jordan is no longer the negative, irresolute maunderer of the book, but a man as strong as a rock, a true type of those who fought in Spain. Pablo is revealed more clearly for what he is—an unprincipled opportunist, abhorred by the true republicans. And magnificent acting brings all the book's people to life. There are hardly, in all the language, words adequate to praise Katina Paxinou as Pilar. This Greek woman portrays the Spanish woman with intensity and insight that make her a universal type of the people's struggle. The excruciatingly difficult role of Maria is handled by the sensitive Ingrid Bergman as no other actress on our screen could have handled it, and her story of what the fascists have done to her is heartbreaking. Gary Cooper's characteristic underplaying is admirably in keeping with the Jordan role; and Akim Tamiroff, with new restraint, makes the brutal Pablo memorable. The individual guerrilleros are each masterpieces of character study, Joseph Calleia's El Sordo being perhaps the most striking. Indeed, there is no acting in the film that is not far above the merely competent.

Considered solely as a study of people *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has one very annoying flaw—its length. Cut down by about forty-five minutes, it would be a clearer and more incisive film, and it would still be two hours long. It suffers from a tendency to pad its love scenes, which are sensitive and moving, but which also prove that you *can* sometimes have too much of a good thing. And some of its incidents are played with inhuman deliberation. Judicious cutting could remove the occasional tediousness and the political confusions with one stroke of the scissors.

Pictorially it has no flaw at all. Its technicolor, deliberately somber, makes the most of mountain scenery and contributes a good deal to the tragic atmosphere; this is the first completely successful use of color I have seen outside of Disney. Sam Wood's direction maintains the mood, if it sometimes loses speed to do so.

Joy Davidman.

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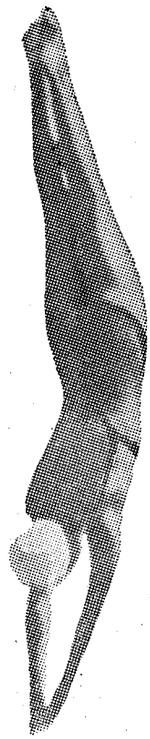

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by BRUCE MINTON

Approximately a year and a half ago New Masses established an office in the national capital, with Bruce Minton as Washington editor. It is an office, not a "bureau"—for NM does not have a budget that permits more than one fulltime correspondent even in Washington. Nevertheless, it represented a real step forward, the attainment of a goal toward which we had striven for many years.

The decision to take that step has been amply rewarded. And not only because Mr. Minton has, more than once, scooped the entire nation on events of tremendous import (remember his expose of the NAM Resolutions Committee's secret session, published in New Masses of November 17 last). Our readers also express their appreciation for the less startling but just as significant dispatches from Washington that appear in NM every week. They give the real, basic information on and analysis of happenings in a city where whatever happens is internationally significant today. "Watch on the Potomac" is an exclusive New Masses column. To read it regularly is to obtain the sort of Washington coverage that you won't find anywhere else. And to read it regularly—need we tell you that the best plan is to subscribe? (A subscription form can be found on page 28.)

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